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Rogers told me  
"Don Juan" is pronounced by Hobhouse  
and others as ~~unfit~~ unfit for publi-  
cation - I refer to whom together with  
Herbert Rose & myself. Byron had  
devised it might be refused as the  
propriety of publishing it - I who only  
had read it, pronounced decidedly against  
the publication. It is a strange notion  
full of talent and singularity as every  
thing he writes must be some highly  
beautiful passages, and some highly  
humorous ones, but as a whole not  
publishable. Don Juan's mother is  
Lady Byron, and not only her learning  
but various other points about her are  
indicated. He talks of his favorite  
one being civility (which is the case)  
and the conclusion of one stanza is "I  
hate a dumpy woman" meaning  
Lady B again. This would disgust  
the public beyond endurance. There  
is also a systematical profligacy  
running through it, which would not  
be borne. Moore's Journal 1810  
tant - 1

But too true, it is not fit for publication; he seems by living so long out of London, to have forgotten that standard of decorum in society to which every one must raise his words at least, who hopes to be either listened to or read by the world.

I Moore's Journal Jan 7/1818

*M. G. Brisket.*

*Victoria College.*

DON JUAN. *School*  
*house.*  
*jersey.*

CANTOS VI.—VII.—AND VIII.

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“Dost thou think, because thou art virtuous, there shall be no more  
Cakes and Ale?”—“Yes, by St. Anne; and Ginger shall be hot  
i’ the mouth too!”—*Twelfth Night, or What you Will.*

SHAKESPEARE.

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## PREFACE

TO

CANTOS VI.—VII.—AND VIII.

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THE details of the Siege of Ismail in two of the following Cantos (i. e. the 7th and 8th) are taken from a French work, entitled “ *Histoire de la Nouvelle Russie.*” Some of the incidents attributed to Don Juan really occurred, particularly the circumstance of his saving the infant, which was the actual case of the late Duc de Richelieu, then a young volunteer in the Russian service, and afterwards the founder and benefactor of Odessa, where his name and memory can never cease to be regarded with reverence. In the course of these cantos, a stanza or two will be found relative to

the late Marquis of Londonderry, but written some time before his decease. Had that person's Oligarchy died with him, they would have been suppressed; as it is, I am aware of nothing in the manner of his death or of his life to prevent the free expression of the opinions of all whom his whole existence was consumed in endeavouring to enslave. That he was an amiable man in *private* life, may or may not be true; but with this the Public have nothing to do; and as to lamenting his death, it will be time enough when Ireland has ceased to mourn for his birth. As a Minister, I, for one of millions, looked upon him as the most despotic in intention and the weakest in intellect that ever tyrannized over a country. It is the first time indeed since the Normans, that England has been insulted by a *Minister* (at least) who could not speak English, and that Parliament permitted itself to be dictated to in the language of Mrs. Malaprop.

Of the manner of his death little need be said,



except that if a poor radical, such as Waddington or Watson, had cut his throat, he would have been buried in a cross-road, with the usual appurtenances of the stake and mallet. But the Minister was an elegant Lunatic—a sentimental Suicide—he merely cut the “ carotid artery ” (blessings on their learning) and lo! the Pageant, and the Abbey! and “ the Syllables of Dolour yelled forth ” by the Newspapers—and the harangue of the Coroner in an eulogy over the bleeding body of the deceased—(an Anthony worthy of such a Cæsar)—and the nauseous and atrocious cant of a degraded Crew of Conspirators against all that is sincere and honourable. In his death he was necessarily one of two things by the *law*—a felon or a madman—and in either case no great subject for panegyric.\* In his life he was—what all the world knows, and half of

\* I say by the *law* of the *land*—the laws of Humanity judge more gently; but as the legitimates have always the *law* in their mouths, let them here make the most of it.

it will feel for years to come, unless his death prove a "moral lesson" to the surviving Sejani † of Europe. It may at least serve as some consolation to the Nations, that their Oppressors are not happy, and in some instances judge so justly of their own actions as to anticipate the sentence of mankind.— Let us hear no more of this man; and let Ireland remove the Ashes of her Grattan from the Sanctuary of Westminster. Shall the Patriot of Humanity repose by the Werther of Politics!!!

With regard to the objections which have been made on another score to the already published Cantos of this poem, I shall content myself with two quotations from Voltaire:—

"La pudeur s'est enfuite des cœurs, et s'est réfugiée sur les livres."

† From this number must be excepted Canning: Canning is a genius, almost an universal one, an orator, a wit, a poet, a statesman; and no man of talent can long pursue the path of his late predecessor Lord C. If ever man saved his country, Canning *can*; but *will* he? I, for one, hope so.

“ Plus les mœurs sont depravés, plus les expressions deviennent mesurées ; on croit regagner en langage ce qu'on a perdu en vertu.”

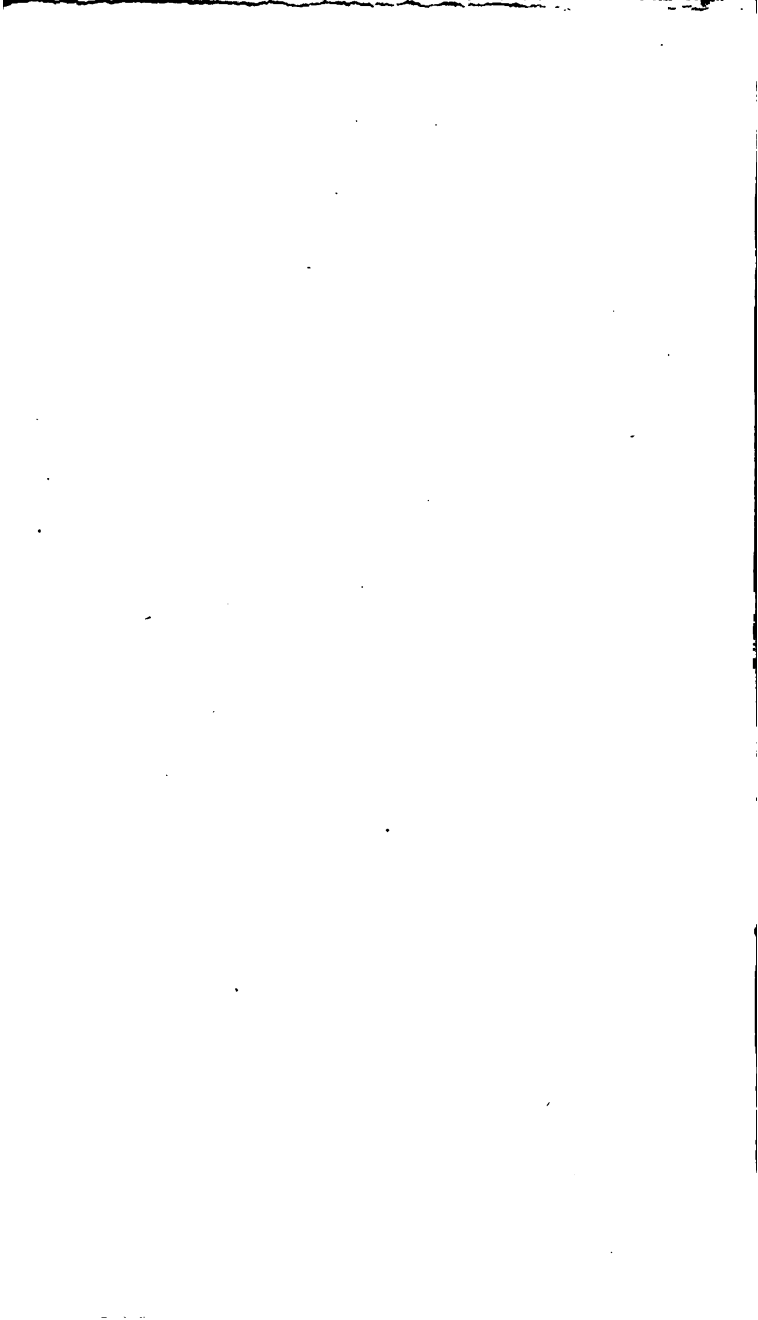
This is the real fact, as applicable to the degraded and hypocritical mass which leavens the present English generation, and is the only answer they deserve. The hackneyed and lavished title of Blasphemer—which, with radical, liberal, jacobin, reformer, &c. are the changes which the hirelings are daily ringing in the ears of those who will listen—should be welcome to all who recollect on *whom* it was originally bestowed. Socrates and Jesus Christ were put to death publicly as *Blasphemers*, and so have been and may be many who dare to oppose the most notorious abuses of the name of God and the mind of man. But Persecution is not refutation, nor even triumph : the “ wretched Infidel,” as he is called, is probably happier in his prison than the proudest of his Assailants. With his opinions I have nothing to do—they may be right or wrong—but he has suffered for them, and that

very Suffering for conscience-sake will make more proselytes to Deism than the example of heterodox\* Prelates to Christianity, suicide Statesmen to oppression, or over-pensioned Homicides to the impious Alliance which insults the world with the name of "Holy!" I have no wish to trample on the dishonoured or the dead; but it would be well if the adherents to the Classes from whence those persons sprung should abate a little of the *Cant* which is the crying sin of this double-dealing and false-speaking time of selfish Spoilers, and——but enough for the present.

\* When Lord Sandwich said "he did not know the difference between Orthodoxy and Heterodoxy"---Warburton the bishop replied, "Orthodoxy, my Lord, is *my doxy*, and Heterodoxy is *another man's doxy*."---A Prelate of the present day has discovered, it seems, a *third* kind of doxy, which has not greatly exalted in the eyes of the elect that which Bentham calls "Church-of-Englandism."

# DON JUAN.

## CANTO VI.



# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO VI.

---

### I.

“ THERE is a tide in the affairs of men

“ Which taken at the flood”—you know the rest,  
And most of us have found it, now and then ;

At least we think so, though but few have guess'd  
The moment, till too late to come again.

But no doubt every thing is for the best—  
Of which the surest sign is in the end :  
When things are at the worst they sometimes mend.

## II.

There is a tide in the affairs of women

“ Which taken at the flood leads”—God knows  
where :

Those navigators must be able seamen

Whose charts lay down its current to a hair ;  
Not all the reveries of Jacob Behmen

With its strange whirls and eddies can compare :—  
Men with their heads reflect on this and that—  
But women with their hearts or heaven knows what !

## III.

And yet a headlong, headstrong, downright she,  
Young, beautiful, and daring—who would risk  
A throne, the world, the universe, to be  
Beloved in her own way, and rather whisk  
The stars from out the sky, than not be free  
As are the billows when the breeze is brisk—  
Though such a she's a devil (if that there be one)  
Yet she would make full many a Manichean.



## IV.

Thrones, worlds, et cetera, are so oft upset

By commonest Ambition, that when Passion  
O'erthrows the same, we readily forget,

Or at the least forgive, the loving rash one.

If Anthony be well remembered yet,

'Tis not his conquests keep his name in fashion;  
But Actium, lost for Cleopatra's eyes,  
Outbalance all the Cæsar's victories.

## V.

He died at fifty for a queen of forty;

I wish their years had been fifteen and twenty,  
For then wealth, kingdoms, worlds are but a sport—I

Remember when, though I had no great plenty  
Of worlds to lose, yet still, to pay my court, I

Gave what I had—a heart :—as the world went, I  
Gave what was worth a world; for worlds could never  
Restore me those pure feelings, gone for ever.

## VI.

"Twas the boy's "mite," and like the "widow's" may  
Perhaps be weighed hereafter, if not now ;  
But whether such things do or do not weigh,  
All who have loved, or love, will still allow  
Life has nought like it. God is love, they say,  
And Love's a God, or was before the brow  
Of Earth was wrinkled by the sins and tears  
Of—but Chronology best knows the years.

## VII.

We left our hero and third heroine in  
A kind of state more awkward than uncommon,  
For gentlemen must sometimes risk their skin  
For that sad tempter, a forbidden woman :  
Sultans too much abhor this sort of sin,  
And don't agree at all with the wise Roman,  
Heroic, stoic Cato, the sententious,  
Who lent his lady to his friend Hortensius.

VIII.

I know Gulbeyaz was extremely wrong ;

I own it, I deplore it, I condemn it ;

But I detest all fiction even in song,

And so must tell the truth, howe'er you blame it.

Her reason being weak, her passions strong,

She thought that her lord's heart (even could she  
claim it)

Was scarce enough ; for he had fifty-nine

Years, and a fifteen-hundredth concubine.

IX.

I am not, like Cassio, " an arithmetician,"

But by " the bookish theoric " it appears,

If 'tis summed up with feminine precision,

That, adding to the account his Highness' years,

The fair Sultana erred from inanition ;

For were the Sultan just to all his dears,

She could but claim the fifteenth hundred part

Of what should be monopoly—the heart.

## X.

It is observed that ladies are litigious  
Upon all legal objects of possession,  
And not the least so when they are religious,  
Which doubles what they think of the transgression.  
With suits and prosecutions they besiege us,  
As the tribunals show through many a session,  
When they suspect that any one goes shares  
In that to which the law makes them sole heirs.

## XI.

Now if this holds good in a Christian land,  
The heathen also, though with lesser latitude,  
Are apt to carry things with a high hand,  
And take, what kings call "an imposing attitude;"  
And for their rights connubial make a stand,  
When their liege husbands treat them with ingratitude;  
And as four wives must have quadruple claims,  
The Tigris hath its jealousies like Thames.

## XII.

Gulbeyaz was the fourth, and (as I said)

The favourite; but what's favour amongst four?

Polygamy may well be held in dread,

Not only as a sin; but as a *bore*:—

Most wise men with *one* moderate woman wed,

Will scarcely find philosophy for more;

And all (except Mahometans) forbear

To make the nuptial couch a “ Bed of Ware.”

## XIII.

His Highness, the sublimest of mankind,—

So styled according to the usual forms

Of every monarch, till they are consigned

To those sad hungry jacobins the worms,

Who on the very loftiest kings have dined,—

His Highness gazed upon Gulbeyaz' charms,

Expecting all the welcome of a lover,

(A “ Highland welcome ” all the wide world over.)

## XIV.

Now here we should distinguish ; for howe'er  
Kisses, sweet words, embraces, and all that,  
May look like what is—neither here nor there,  
They are put on as easily as a hat,  
Or rather bonnet, which the fair sex wear,  
Trimmed either heads or hearts to decorate,  
Which form an ornament, but no more part  
Of heads, than their caresses of the heart.

## XV.

A slight blush, a soft tremor, a calm kind  
Of gentle feminine delight, and shown  
More in the eyelids than the eyes, resigned  
Rather to hide what pleases most unknown,  
Are the best tokens (to a modest mind)  
Of love, when seated on his loveliest throne,  
A sincere woman's breast,—for over *warm*  
Or over *cold* annihilates the charm.

## XVI.

For over warmth, if false, is worse than truth ;

    If true, 'tis no great lease of its own fire ;

For no one, save in very early youth,

    Would like (I think) to trust all to desire,

Which is but a precarious bond, in sooth,

    And apt to be transferred to the first buyer

At a sad discount : while your over chilly

Women, on t'other hand, seem somewhat silly.

## XVII.

That is, we cannot pardon their bad taste,

    For so it seems to lovers swift or slow,

Who fain would have a mutual flame confest,

    And see a sentimental passion glow,

Even were St. Francis' paramour their guest,

    In his Monastic Concubine of Snow ;—

In short, the maxim for the amorous tribe is

Horatian, “ Medio tu tatissimus ibis.”

## XVIII.

The "tu"'s *too* much,—but let it stand—the verse  
Requires it, that's to say, the English rhyme,  
And not the pink of old Hexameters ;  
But, after all, there's neither tune nor time  
In the last line, which cannot well be worse,  
And was thrust in to close the octave's chime :  
I own no prosody can ever rate it  
As a rule, but *Truth* may, if you translate it.

## XIX.

If fair Gulbeyaz overdid her part,  
I know not—it succeeded, and success  
Is much in most things, not less in the heart  
Than other articles of female dress.  
Self-love in man too beats all female art ;  
They lie, we lie, all lie, but love no less :  
And no one virtue yet, except Starvation,  
Could stop that worst of vices—Propagation.



## XX.

We leave this royal couple to repose ;

A bed is not a throne, and they may sleep,  
Whate'er their dreams be, if of joys or woes ;

Yet disappointed joys are woes as deep  
As any man's clay mixture undergoes.

Our least of sorrows are such as we weep ;  
'Tis the vile daily drop on drop which wears  
The soul out (like the stone) with petty cares.

## XXI.

A scolding wife, a sullen son, a bill

To pay, unpaid, protested, or discounted  
At a per-centage ; a child cross, dog ill,

A favourite horse fallen lame just as he's mounted ;  
A bad old woman making a worse will,

Which leaves you minus of the cash you counted  
As certain ;—these are paltry things, and yet  
I've rarely seen the man they did not fret.

## XXII.

I'm a philosopher; confound them all!

Bills, beasts, and men, and—not not Womankind;  
With one good hearty curse I vent my gall,  
And then my Stoicism leaves nought behind  
Which it can either pain or evil call,  
And I can give my whole soul up to mind;  
Though what is soul or mind, their birth or growth,  
Is more than I know—the deuce take them both.

## XXIII.

So now all things are d—n'd, one feels at ease,  
As after reading Athanasius' curse,  
Which doth your true believer so much please:  
I doubt if any now could make it worse  
O'er his worst enemy when at his knees,  
'Tis so sententious, positive, and terse,  
And decorates the book of Common Prayer  
As doth a Rainbow the just clearing air.

## XXIV.

Gulbeyaz and her lord were sleeping, or  
At least one of them—Oh the heavy night!  
When wicked wives who love some bachelor  
Lie down in dudgeon to sigh for the light  
Of the grey morning, and look vainly for  
Its twinkle through the lattice dusky quite,  
To toss, to tumble, doze, revive, and quake  
Lest their too lawful bed-fellow should wake.

## XXV.

These are beneath the canopy of heaven,  
Also beneath the canopy of beds  
Four-posted and silk curtained, which are given  
For rich men and their brides to lay their heads  
Upon, in sheets white as what bards call “driven  
Snow.” Well! ’tis all hap-hazard when one weds.  
Gulbeyaz was an empress, but had been  
Perhaps as wretched if a peasant’s queen.

## XXVI.

Don Juan in his feminine disguise,  
With all the damsels in their long array,  
Had bowed themselves before the imperial eyes,  
And at the usual signal ta'en their way  
Back to their chambers, those long galleries  
In the Seraglio, where the ladies lay  
Their delicate limbs ; a thousand bosoms there  
Beating for love as the caged birds for air.

## XXVII.

I love the sex, and sometimes would reverse  
The tyrant's wish, "that mankind only had  
"One neck, which he with one fell stroke might  
pierce :"  
My wish is quite as wide, but not so bad,  
And much more tender on the whole than fierce ;  
It being (not *now*, but only while a lad)  
That Womankind had but one rosy mouth,  
To kiss them all at once from North to South.

## XXVIII.

Oh enviable Briareus ! with thy hands  
And heads, if thou hadst all things multiplied  
In such proportion !—But my Muse withstands  
The giant thought of being a Titan's bride,  
Or travelling in Patagonian lands ;  
So let us back to Lilliput, and guide  
Our hero through the labyrinth of love  
In which we left him several lines above.

## XXIX.

He went forth with the lovely Odalisques,  
At the given signal joined to their array ;  
And though he certainly ran many risks,  
Yet he could not at times keep, by the way,  
(Although the consequences of such frisks  
Are worse than the worst damages men pay  
In moral England, where the thing's a tax)  
From ogling all their charms from breasts to backs.

## XXX.

Still he forgot not his disguise :—along

The galleries from room to room they walked,  
A virgin-like and edifying throng,

By eunuchs flanked ; while at their head there  
stalked

A dame who kept up discipline among

The female ranks, so that none stirred or talked  
Without her sanction on their she-parades :  
Her title was “ the Mother of the Maids.”

## XXXI.

Whether she was a “ mother,” I know not,

Or whether they were “ maids ” who called her  
mother ;

But this is her seraglio title, got

I know not how, but good as any other ;  
So Cantemir can tell you, or De Tott :

Her office was, to keep aloof or smother  
All bad propensities in fifteen hundred  
Youngwomen, and correct them when they blundered.

## XXXII.

A goodly sinécure, no doubt! but made  
More easy by the absence of all men  
Except his Majesty, who, with her aid,  
And guards, and bolts, and walls, and now and then  
A slight example, just to cast a shade  
Along the rest, contrived to keep this den  
Of beauties cool as an Italian convent,  
Where all the passions have, alas! but one vent.

## XXXIII.

And what is that? Devotion, doubtless—how  
Could you ask such a question?—but we will  
Continue. As I said, this goodly row  
Of ladies of all countries at the will  
Of one good man, with stately march and slow,  
Like water-lilies floating down a rill  
Or rather lake—for *rills* do *not* run *slowly*,—  
Paced on most maiden-like and melancholy.

## XXXIV.

But when they reached their own apartments, there,  
Like birds, or boys, or bedlamites broke loose,  
Waves at spring-tide, or women any where  
When freed from bonds (which are of no great use  
After all) or like Irish at a fair,  
Their guards being gone; and as it were a truce  
Established between them and bondage, they  
Began to sing, dance, chatter, smile and play.

## XXXV.

Their talk of course ran most on the new comer,  
Her shape, her hair, her air, her every thing :  
Some thought her dress did not so much become her,  
Or wondered at her ears without a ring ;  
Some said her years were getting nigh their summer,  
Others contended they were but in spring ;  
Some thought her rather masculine in height,  
While others wished that she had been so quite.



## XXXVI.

But no one doubted on the whole, that she  
Was what her dress bespoke, a damsel fair,  
And fresh, and "beautiful exceedingly,"  
Who with the brightest Georgians might compare:  
They wondered how Gulbeyaz too could be  
So silly as to buy slaves who might share  
(If that his Highness wearied of his bride)  
Her throne and power and every thing beside.

## XXXVII.

But what was strangest in this virgin crew,  
Although her beauty was enough to vex,  
After the first investigating view,  
They all found out as few, or fewer, specks  
In the fair form of their companion new,  
Than is the custom of the gentle sex,  
When they survey, with Christian eyes or Heathen,  
In a new face "the ugliest creature breathing."

## XXXVIII.

And yet they had their little jealousies  
Like all the rest; but upon this occasion,  
Whether there are such things as sympathies  
Without our knowledge or our approbation,  
Although they could not see through his disguise,  
All felt a soft kind of concatenation,  
Like Magnetism, or Devilism, or what  
You please—we will not quarrel about that:

## XXXIX.

But certain 'tis they all felt for their new  
Companion something newer still, as 'twere  
A sentimental friendship through and through,  
Extremely pure, which made them all concur  
In wishing her their sister, save a few  
Who wished they had a brother, just like her,  
Whom, if they were at home in sweet Circassia,  
They would prefer to Padisha or Pacha.

## XL.

Of those who had most genius for this sort  
Of sentimental friendship, there were three,  
Lolah, Katinka, and Dudù ; in short,  
(To save description) fair as fair can be  
Were they, according to the best report,  
Though differing in stature and degree,  
And clime and time, and country and complexion ;  
They all alike admired their new connexion.

## XLI.

Lolah was dusk as India and as warm ;  
Katinka was a Georgian, white and red,  
With great blue eyes, a lovely hand and arm,  
And feet so small they scarce seemed made to tread,  
But rather skim the earth ; while Dudù's form  
Looked more adapted to be put to bed,  
Being somewhat large and languishing and lazy,  
Yet of a beauty that would drive you crazy.

## XLII.

A kind of sleepy Venus seemed Dudù,  
Yet very fit to "murder sleep" in those  
Who gazed upon her cheek's transcendant hue,  
Her Attic forehead, and her Phidian nose :  
Few angles were there in her form 'tis true,  
Thinner she might have been and yet scarce lose ;  
Yet, after all, 'twould puzzle to say where  
It would not spoil some separate charm *to pare*.

## XLIII.

She was not violently lively, but  
Stole on your spirit like a May-day breaking ;  
Her eyes were not too sparkling, yet, half-shut,  
They put beholders in a tender taking ;  
She looked (this simile's quite new) just cut  
From marble, like Pygmalion's statue waking,  
The Mortal and the Marble still at strife,  
And timidly expanding into life.

## XLIV.

Lolah demanded the new damsel's name—

“ Juanna.”—Well, a pretty name enough.

Katinka asked her also whence she came—

“ From Spain.”—“ But where is Spain?”—

“ Don't ask such stuff,

“ Nor show your Georgian ignorance—for shame!”

Said Lolah, with an accent rather rough,

To poor Katinka: “ Spain's an island near

Morocco, betwixt Egypt and Tangier.”

## XLV.

Dudù said nothing, but sat down beside

Juanna, playing with her veil or hair;

And looking at her steadfastly, she sighed,

As if she pitied her for being there,

A pretty stranger without friend or guide,

And all abashed too at the general stare

Which welcomes hapless strangers in all places,

With kind remarks upon their mien and faces.

## XLVI.

But here the Mother of the Maids drew near,  
With, "Ladies, it is time to go to rest.  
"I'm puzzled what to do with you, my dear,"  
She added to Juanna, their new guest:  
"Your coming has been unexpected here,  
"And every couch is occupied; you had best  
"Partake of mine; but by to-morrow early  
"We will have all things settled for you fairly."

## XLVII.

Here Lolah interposed—"Mamma, you know  
"You don't sleep soundly, and I cannot bear  
"That any body should disturb you so;  
"I'll take Juanna; we're a slenderer pair  
"Than you would make the half of;—don't say no;  
"And I of your young charge will take due care."  
But here Katinka interfered and said,  
"She also had compassion and a bed."

## XLVIII.

“ Besides, I hate to sleep alone,” quoth she.

The Matron frowned: “ Why so?” — “ For fear  
of ghosts,”

Replied Katinka; “ I am sure I see

“ A phantom upon each of the four posts;

“ And then I have the worst dreams that can be,

“ Of Guebres, Giaours, and Ginns, and Gouls  
in hosts.”

The Dame replied, “ Between your dreams and you

“ I fear Juanna’s dreams would be but few.

## XLIX.

“ You, Lolah, must continue still to lie

“ Alone, for reasons which don’t matter; you

“ The same, Katinka, until by and bye;

“ And I shall place Juanna with Dudù,

“ Who’s quiet, inoffensive, silent, shy,

“ And will not toss and chatter the night through.

“ What say you, child?” — Dudù said nothing, as

Her talents were of the more silent class;

## L.

But she rose up, and kissed the Matron's brow  
Between the eyes, and Lolah on both cheeks,  
Katinka too; and with a gentle bow  
(Curtsies are neither used by Turks nor Greeks)  
She took Juanna by the hand to show  
Their place of rest, and left to both their piques,  
The others pouting at the Matron's preference  
Of Dudù, though they held their tongues from de-  
ference.

## LI.

It was a spacious chamber (Oda is  
The Turkish title) and ranged round the wall  
Were couches, toilets—and much more than this  
I might describe, as I have seen it all,  
But it suffices—little was amiss;  
'Twas on the whole a nobly furnished hall,  
With all things ladies want, save one or two,  
And even those were nearer than they knew.



## LII.

Dudù, as has been said, was a sweet creature,  
Not very dashing, but extremely winning,  
With the most regulated charms of feature,  
Which painters cannot catch like faces sinning  
Against proportion—the wild strokes of nature  
Which they hit off at once in the beginning;  
Full of expression, right or wrong; that strike,  
And pleasing or unpleasing, still are like.

## LIII.

But she was a soft Landscape of mild Earth,  
Where all was harmony and calm and quiet,  
Luxuriant, budding; cheerful without mirth;  
Which if not happiness, is much more nigh it  
Than are your mighty passions and so forth;  
Which some call “the sublime:” I wish they’d  
try it:  
I’ve seen your stormy seas and stormy women,  
And pity lovers rather more than seamen.

## LIV.

But she was pensive more than melancholy,  
And serious more than pensive, and serene,  
It may be more than either—not unholy  
Her thoughts, at least till now, appear to have  
been.

The strangest thing was, beauteous, she was wholly  
Unconscious, albeit turned of quick seventeen,  
That she was fair, or dark, or short, or tall;  
She never thought about herself at all.

## LV.

And therefore was she kind and gentle as  
The age of Gold (when Gold was yet unknown,  
By which its nomenclature came to pass;  
Thus most appropriately has been shown  
“Lucus a ~~not~~ Lucendo,” *not* what *was*,  
But what *was not*; a sort of style that’s grown  
Extremely common in this age, whose metal  
The Devil may decompose but never settle;

## LVI.

I think it may be of "Corinthian Brass,"

Which was a Mixture of all Metals, but  
The Brazen uppermost.) Kind reader! pass

This long parenthesis: I could not shut  
It sooner for the soul of me, and class

My faults even with your own! which meaneth, Put  
A kind construction upon them and me:

But *that* you won't—then don't—I am not less free.

## LVII.

'Tis time we should return to plain narration,

And thus my narrative proceeds:—Duch,

With every kindness short of ostentation,

Shewed Juan, or Juanna, through and through

This labyrinth of females, and each station

Described—what's strange—in words extremely  
few:

I have but one simile, and that's a blunder,

For wordless woman, which is *silent* Thunder.

## LVIII.

And next she gave her (I say *her*, because  
The Gender still was Epicene, at least  
In outward show, which is a saving clause)  
An outline of the Customs of the East,  
With all their chaste integrity of laws,  
By which the more a Harem is encreased,  
The stricter doubtless grow the vestal duties  
Of any supernumerary beauties.

## LIX.

And then she gave Juanna a chaste kiss:  
Dudù was fond of kissing—which I'm sure  
That nobody can ever take amiss,  
Because 'tis pleasant, so that it be pure,  
And between females means no more than this—  
That they have nothing better near, or newer.  
“Kiss” rhymes to “bliss” in fact as well as verse—  
I wish it never led to something worse.

## LX.

In perfect Innocence she then unmade  
Her toilet, which cost little, for she was  
A Child of Nature, carelessly arrayed :  
If fond of a chance ogle at her glass,  
'Twas like the fawn which, in the lake displayed,  
Beholds her own shy, shadowy image pass,  
When first she starts, and then returns to peep,  
Admiring this new Native of the deep.

## LXI.

And one by one her articles of dress  
Were laid aside; but not before she offered  
Her aid to fair Juanna, whose excess  
Of Modesty declined the assistance proffered :  
Which past well off—as she could do no less;  
Though by this politesse she rather suffered,  
Pricking her fingers with those cursed pins,  
Which surely were invented for our sins,—

## LXII.

Making a woman like a porcupine,  
Not to be rashly touched. But still more dread,  
Oh ye! whose fate it is, as once 'twas mine,  
In early youth, to turn a lady's maid;—  
I did my very boyish best to shine  
In tricking her out for a masquerade:  
The pins were placed sufficiently, but not  
Stuck all exactly in the proper spot.

## LXIII.

But these are foolish things to all the wise,  
And I love Wisdom more than she loves me;  
My tendency is to philosophize  
On most things, from a tyrant to a tree;  
But still the spouseless Virgin *Knowledge* flies.  
What are we? and whence came we? what shall be  
Our *ultimate* existence? what's our present?  
Are questions answerless, and yet incessant.

## LXIV.

There was deep silence in the chamber: dim

And distant from each other burned the lights,  
And Slumber hovered o'er each lovely limb

Of the fair occupants: if there be sprites,  
They should have walked there in their spriteliest  
trim,

By way of change from their sepulchral sites,  
And shown themselves as Ghosts of better taste  
Than haunting some old Ruin or wild Waste.

## LXV.

Many and beautiful lay those around,

Like flowers of different hue and clime and root,  
In some exotic garden sometimes found,

With cost and care and warmth induced to shoot.  
One with her auburn tresses lightly bound,  
And fair brows gently drooping, as the fruit  
Nods from the tree, was slumbering with soft breath  
And lips apart, which showed the pearls beneath.

## LXVI.

One with her flushed cheek laid on her white arm,  
And raven ringlets gathered in dark crowd  
Above her brow, lay dreaming soft and warm;  
And smiling through her dream, as through a cloud  
The Moon breaks, half unveiled each further charm,  
As, slightly stirring in her snowy shroud,  
Her beauties seized the unconscious hour of night  
All bashfully to struggle into light.

## LXVII.

This is no bull, although it sounds so; for  
'Twas night, but there were lamps, as hath been said.  
A third's all pallid aspect offered more  
The traits of sleeping Sorrow, and betrayed  
Through the heaved breast the dream of some farshore  
Beloved and deplored; while slowly strayed  
(As Night Dew, on a Cypress glittering, tinges  
The black bough) tear-drops through her eyes' dark  
fringes,



## LXVIII.

A fourth as marble, statue-like and still,  
Lay in a breathless, hushed, and stony sleep;  
White, cold and pure, as looks a frozen rill,  
Or the snow minaret on an Alpine steep,  
Or Lot's wife done in salt,—or what you will;—  
My similes are gathered in a heap,  
So pick and chuse—perhaps you'll be content  
With a carved lady on a monument.

## LXIX.

And lo! a fifth appears;—and what is she?  
A lady of “a certain age,” which means  
Certainly aged—what her years might be  
I know not, never counting past their teens;  
But there she slept, not quite so fair to see,  
As ere that awful period intervenes  
Which lays both men and women on the shelf,  
To meditate upon their sins and self.

## LXX.

But all this time how slept, or dreamed, Dudù?

With strict enquiry I could ne'er discover,  
And scorn to add a syllable untrue;

But ere the middle watch was hardly over;  
Just when the fading lamps waned dim and blue,  
And phantoms hovered, or might seem to hover  
To those who like their company, about  
The apartment, on a sudden she screamed out:

## LXXI.

And that so loudly, that upstarted all

The Oda, in a general commotion:

Matrons and maids, and those whom you may call

Neither, came crowding like the waves of ocean,  
One on the other, throughout the whole hall,

All trembling, wondering, without the least notion,  
More than I have myself, of what could make  
The calm Dudù so turbulently wake.

## LXXII.

But wide awake she was, and round her bed,  
With floating draperies and with flying hair,  
With eager eyes, and light but hurried tread,  
And bosoms, arms, and ancles glancing bare,  
And bright as any meteor ever bred  
By the North Pole,—they sought her cause of care,  
For she seemed agitated, flushed and frightened,  
Her eye dilated and her colour heightened.

## LXXIII.

But what is strange—and a strong proof how great  
A blessing is sound sleep—Juanna lay  
As fast as ever husband by his mate  
In holy matrimony snores away.  
Not all the clamour broke her happy state  
Of slumber, ere they shook her,—so they say  
At least,—and then she too unclosed her eyes,  
And yawned a good deal with discreet surprise.

## LXXIV.

And now commenced a strict investigation,

Which, as all spoke at once, and more than once  
Conjecturing, wondering, asking a narration,

Alike might puzzle either wit or dunce  
To answer in a very clear oration.

Dudù had never passed for wanting sense;  
But being "no orator as Brutus is,"  
Could not at first expound what was amiss.

## LXXV.

At length she said, that in a slumber sound

She dreamed a dream, of walking in a wood—  
A "wood obscure" like that where Dante found\*

Himself in at the age when all grow good;  
Life's half-way house, where dames with virtue  
crowned,

Run much less risk of lovers turning rude;  
And that this wood was full of pleasant fruits,  
And trees of goodly growth and spreading roots;

\* "Nel' mezzo del' Cammin' di nostra vita

"Mi ritrovai per una Selva oscura," &c. &c. &c.

## LXXVI.

And in the midst a golden apple grew,—  
A most prodigious pippin,—but it hung  
Rather too high and distant; that she threw  
Her glances on it, and then, longing, flung  
Stones and whatever she could pick up, to  
Bring down the fruit, which still perversely clung  
To its own bough, and dangled yet in sight,  
But always at a most provoking height;—

## LXXVII.

That on a sudden, when she least had hope,  
It fell down of its own accord, before  
Her feet; that her first movement was to stoop  
And pick it up, and bite it to the core;  
That just as her young lip began to ope  
Upon the golden fruit the vision bore,  
A bee flew out and stung her to the heart,  
And so—she woke with a great scream and start.

## LXXVIII.

All this she told with some confusion and  
Dismay, the usual consequence of dreams  
Of the unpleasant kind, with none at hand  
To expound their vain and visionary gleams.  
I've known some odd ones which seemed really planned  
Prophetically, or that which one deems  
"A strange coincidence," to use a phrase  
By which such things are settled now-a-days.

## LXXIX.

The damsels, who had thoughts of some great harm,  
Began, as is the consequence of fear,  
To scold a little at the false alarm  
That broke for nothing on their sleeping ear.  
The matron too was wroth to leave her warm  
Bed for the dream she had been obliged to hear,  
And chafed at poor Duddè, who only sighed,  
And said, that she was sorry she had cried.

LXXX.

- " I've heard of stories of a cock and bull ;  
 " But visions of an apple and a bee,  
 " To take us from our natural rest, and pull  
 " The whole Oda from their beds at half-past three,  
 " Would make us think the moon is at its full.  
 " You surely are unwell, child ! we must see,  
 " To-morrow, what his Highness's physician  
 " Will say to this hysteric of a vision.

LXXXI.

- " And poor Juanna too ! the child's first night  
 " Within these walls, to be broke in upon  
 " With such a clamour—I had thought it right  
 " That the young stranger should not lie alone,  
 " And as the quietest of all, she might  
 " With you, Duda, a good night's rest have known ;  
 " But now I must transfer her to the charge  
 " Of Lolah—though her couch is not so large."

## LXXXII.

Lolah's eyes sparkled at the proposition ;

But poor Dudù, with large drops in her own,  
Resulting from the scolding or the vision,

Implored that present pardon might be shown  
For this first fault, and that on no condition

(She added in a soft and piteous tone)  
Juanna should be taken from her, and  
Her future dreams should all be kept in hand.

## LXXXIII.

She promised never more to have a dream,  
At least to dream so loudly as just now ;

She wondered at herself how she could scream—

'Twas foolish, nervous, as she must allow,  
A fond hallucination, and a theme

For laughter—but she felt her spirits low,  
And begged they would excuse her ; she'd get over  
This weakness in a few hours, and recover.



## LXXXIV.

And here Juanna kindly interposed,  
And said she felt herself extremely well  
Where she then was, as her sound sleep disclosed  
When all around rang like a tocsin bell :  
She did not find herself the least disposed  
To quit her gentle partner, and to dwell  
Apart from one who had no sin to show  
Save that of dreaming once "mal-à-propos."

## LXXXV.

As thus Juanna spoke, Dudù turned round  
And hid her face within Juanna's breast ;  
Her neck alone was seen, but that was found  
The colour of a budding rose's crest.  
I can't tell why she blushed, nor can expound  
The mystery of this rupture of their rest ;  
All that I know is, that the facts I state  
Are true as truth has ever been of late.

## LXXXVI.

And so good night to them,—or, if you will,

Good morrow—for the cock had crown, and light  
Began to clothe each Asiatic hill,

And the mosque crescent struggled into sight  
Of the long caravan, which in the chill

Of dewy dawn wound slowly round each height  
That stretches to the stony belt, which girds  
Asia, where Kaff looks down upon the Kurds.

## LXXXVII.

With the first ray, or rather grey of morn,

Gulbeyaz rose from restlessness; and pale  
As Passion rises, with its bosom worn,

Arrayed herself with mantle, gem, and veil.  
The nightingale that sings with the deep thorn,

Which Fable places in her breast of Wail,  
Is lighter far of heart and voice than those  
Whose headlong passions form their proper woes.

## LXXXVIII.

And that's the moral of this composition,  
If people would but see its real drift;—  
But *that* they will not do without suspicion,  
Because all gentle readers have the gift  
Of closing 'gainst the light their orbs of vision;  
While gentle writers also love to lift  
Their voices 'gainst each other, which is natural,  
The numbers are too great for them to flatter all.

## LXXXIX.

Rose the Sultana from a bed of splendour,  
Softer than the soft Sybarite's, who cried  
Aloud because his feelings were too tender  
To brook a ruffled rose-leaf by his side,—  
So beautiful that art could little mend her,  
Though pale with conflicts between love and pride:—  
So agitated was she with her error,  
She did not even look into the mirror.

## XC.

Also arose about the self-same time,  
Perhaps a little later, her great lord,  
Master of thirty kingdoms so sublime,  
And of a wife by whom he was abhorred;  
A thing of much less import in that clime—  
At least to those of incomes which afford  
The filling up their whole connubial cargo—  
Than where two wives are under an embargo.

## XCI.

He did not think much on the matter, nor  
Indeed on any other : as a man  
He liked to have a handsome paramour  
At hand, as one may like to have a fan,  
And therefore of Circassians had good store,  
As an amusement after the Divan ;  
Though an unusual fit of love, or duty,  
Had made him lately bask in his bride's beauty.

## XCII.

And now he rose; and after due ablutions  
Exacted by the customs of the East,  
And prayers and other pious evolutions,  
He drank six cups of coffee at the least,  
And then withdrew to hear about the Russians,  
Whose victories had recently increased  
In Catherine's reign, whom glory still adores  
As greatest of all sovereigns and w——s.

## XCIII.

But oh, thou grand legitimate Alexander!  
Her son's son, let not this last phrase offend  
Thine ear, if it should reach,—and now rhymes wander  
Almost as far as Petersburgh, and lend  
A dreadful impulse to each loud meander  
Of murmuring Liberty's wide waves, which blend  
Their roar even with the Baltic's—so you be  
Your father's son, 'tis quite enough for me.

## XCIV.

To call men love-begotten, or proclaim  
Their mothers as the antipodes of Timon,  
That hater of mankind, would be a shame,  
A libel, or whate'er you please to rhyme on  
But people's ancestors are history's game ;  
And if one lady's slip could leave a crime on  
All generations, I should like to know  
What pedigree the best would have to show ?

## XCV.

Had Catherine and the Sultan understood  
Their own true interests, which kings rarely know,  
Until 'tis taught by lessons rather rude,  
There was a way to end their strife, although  
Perhaps precarious, had they but thought good,  
Without the aid of Prince or Plenipo :  
She to dismiss her guards and he his harem,  
And for their other matters, meet and share 'em.

## XCVI.

But as it was, his Highness had to hold

His daily council upon ways and means,

How to encounter with this martial scold,

This modern Amazon and Queen of Queans ;

And the perplexity could not be told

Of all the Pillars of the state, which leans

Sometimes a little heavy on the back,

Of those who cannot lay on a new tax.

## XCVII.

Meantime Gulbeyaz, when her king was gone,

Retired into her boudoir, a sweet place

For love or breakfast ; private, pleasing, lone,

And rich with all contrivances which grace

Those gay recesses :—many a precious stone

Sparkled along its roof, and many a vase

Of porcelain held in the fettered flowers,

Those captive soothers of a captive's hours.

## XCVIII.

Mother of pearl, and porphyry, and marble,  
Vied with each other on this costly spot ;  
And singing birds without were heard to warble ;  
And the stained glass which lighted this fair grot  
Varied each ray ;—but all descriptions garble  
The true effect, and so we had better not  
Be too minute ; an outline is the best,—  
A lively reader's fancy does the rest.

## XCIX.

And here she summoned Baba, and required  
Don Juan at his hands, and information  
Of what had past since all the slaves retired,  
And whether he had occupied their station ;  
If matters had been managed as desired,  
And his disguise with due consideration  
Kept up ; and above all, the where and how  
He had passed the night, was what she wished to know.



## C.

Baba, with some embarrassment, replied

To this long catechism of questions asked  
More easily than answered,—that he had tried

His best to obey in what he had been tasked;  
But there seemed something that he wished to hide,

*Which* hesitation more betrayed than masqued;—  
He scratched his ear, the infallible resource  
To which embarrassed people have recourse.

## CI.

Gulbeyaz was no model of true patience,

Nor much disposed to wait in word or deed;  
She liked quick answers in all conversations;

And when she saw him stumbling like a steed  
In his replies, she puzzled him for fresh ones;

And as his speech grew still more broken-kneed,  
Her cheek began to flush, her eyes to sparkle,  
And her proud brow's blue veins to swell and darkle.

## CII.

When Baba saw these symptoms, which he knew  
To bode him no great good, he deprecated  
Her anger, and beseech'd she'd hear him through—  
He could not help the thing which he related :  
Then out it came at length, that to Dudù  
Juan was given in charge, as hath been stated ;  
But not by Baba's fault, he said, and swore on  
The holy camel's hump, besides the Koran.

## CIII.

The chief dame of the Oda, upon whom  
The discipline of the whole harem bore,  
As soon as they re-entered their own room,  
For Baba's function stopt short at the door,  
Had settled all ; nor could he then presume  
(The aforesaid Baba) just then to do more,  
Without exciting such suspicion as  
Might make the matter still worse than it was.

## CIV.

He hoped, indeed he thought he could be sure  
Juan had not betrayed himself; in fact  
'Twas certain that his conduct had been pure,  
Because a foolish or imprudent act  
Would not alone have made him insecure,  
But ended in his being found out, and *sacked*,  
And thrown into the sea.—Thus Baba spoke  
Of all save Dudd's dream, which was no joke.

## CV.

This he discreetly kept in the back ground,  
And talked away, and might have talked till now,  
For any further answer that he found,  
So deep an anguish wrung Gulbeyaz' brow;  
Her cheek turned ashes, ears rung, brain whirled round  
As if she had received a sudden blow,  
And the heart's dew of pain sprang fast and chilly  
O'er her fair front, like Morning's on a lily.

## CVI.

Although she was not of the fainting sort,

Baba thought she would faint, but there he erred;—

It was but a convulsion, which though short

Can never be described; we all have heard,

And some of us have felt thus "*all amort*,"

When things beyond the common have occurred;—

Gulbeyaz proved in that brief agony

What she could ne'er express—then how should I?

## CVII.

She stood a moment as a Pythoness

Stands on her tripod; agonized, and full

Of Inspiration gathered from Distress,

When all the heart-strings like wild horses pull

The heart asunder;—then, as more or less

Their speed abated or their strength grew dull,

She sunk down on her seat by slow degrees,

And bowed her throbbing head o'er trembling knees.

## CVIII.

Her face declined and was unseen ; her hair  
Fell in long tresses like the weeping willow,  
Sweeping the marble underneath her chair,  
Or rather sofa (for it was all pillow,  
A low, soft Ottoman) and black Despair  
Stirred up and down her bosom like a billow,  
Which rushes to some shore whose shingles check  
Its farther course, but must receive its wreck.

## CIX.

Her head hung down, and her long hair in stooping  
Concealed her features better than a veil ;  
And one hand o'er the Ottoman lay drooping,  
White, waxen, and as alabaster pale :  
Would that I were a painter ! to be grouping  
All that a poet drags into detail !  
Oh that my words were colours ! but their tints  
May serve perhaps as outlines or slight hints.

## CX.

Baba, who knew by experience when to talk  
And when to hold its tongue, now held it till  
This passion might blow o'er, nor dared to balk  
Gulbeyaz' taciturn or speaking will.  
At length she rose up, and began to walk  
Slowly along the room, but silent still,  
And her brow cleared, but not her troubled eye;  
The Wind was down, but still the Sea ran high.

## CXI.

She stopt, and raised her head to speak—but paused,  
And then moved on again with rapid pace;  
Then slackened it, which is the march most caused  
By deep Emotion :—you may sometimes trace  
A feeling in each footstep, as disclosed  
By Sallust in his Catiline, who, chased  
By all the Demons of all Passions, showed  
Their work even by the way in which he trode.

## CXII.

Gulbeyaz stopped and beckoned Baba :—" Slave !

" Bring the two slaves !" she said in a low tone,  
But one which Baba did not like to brave,

And yet he shuddered, and seemed rather prone  
To prove reluctant, and begged leave to crave

(Though he well knew the meaning) to be shown  
What slaves her Highness wished to indicate,  
For fear of any error, like the late.

## CXIII.

" The Georgian and her paramour," replied

The Imperial Bride—and added, " Let the boat

" Be ready by the secret portal's side :

" You know the rest." The words stuck in her throat,  
Despite her injured love and fiery pride ;

And of this Baba willingly took note,  
And begged by every hair of Mahomet's beard  
She would revoke the order he had heard.

## CXIV.

“ To hear is to obey,” he said ; “ but still,

“ Sultana, think upon the consequence :

“ It is not that I shall not all fulfil

“ Your orders, even in their severest sense ;

“ But such precipitation may end ill,

“ Even at your own imperative expense :

“ I do not mean destruction and exposure

“ In case of any premature disclosure ;

## CXV.

“ But your own feelings. Even should all the rest

“ Be hidden by the rolling waves, which hide

“ Already many a once love-beaten breast

“ Deep in the caverns of the deadly tide—

“ You love this boyish, new, Seraglio guest,

“ And if this violent remedy be tried—

“ Excuse my freedom, when I here assure you,

“ That killing him is not the way to cure you.”



## CXVI.

“What dost thou know of love or feeling?—wretch!

“Begone!” she cried, with kindling eyes—And do  
“My bidding!” Baba vanished, for to stretch

His own remonstrance further he well knew  
Might end in acting as his own “Jack Ketch;”

And though he wished extremely to get through  
This awkward business without harm to others,  
He still preferred his own neck to another’s.

## CXVII.

Away he went then upon his commission,

Growling and grumbling in good Turkish phrase  
Against all women of whate’er condition,

Especially Sultanas and their ways;  
Their obstinacy, pride, and indecision,

Their never knowing their own mind two days,  
The trouble that they gave, their Immorality,  
Which made him daily bless his own Neutrality.

## CXVIII.

And then he called his Brethren to his aid,  
And sent one on a summons to the pair,  
That they must instantly be well arrayed,  
And above all be combed even to a hair,  
And brought before the Empress, who had made  
Enquiries after them with kindest care:  
At which Dudà looked strange, and Juan silly;  
But go they must at once, and Will I—Nill I.

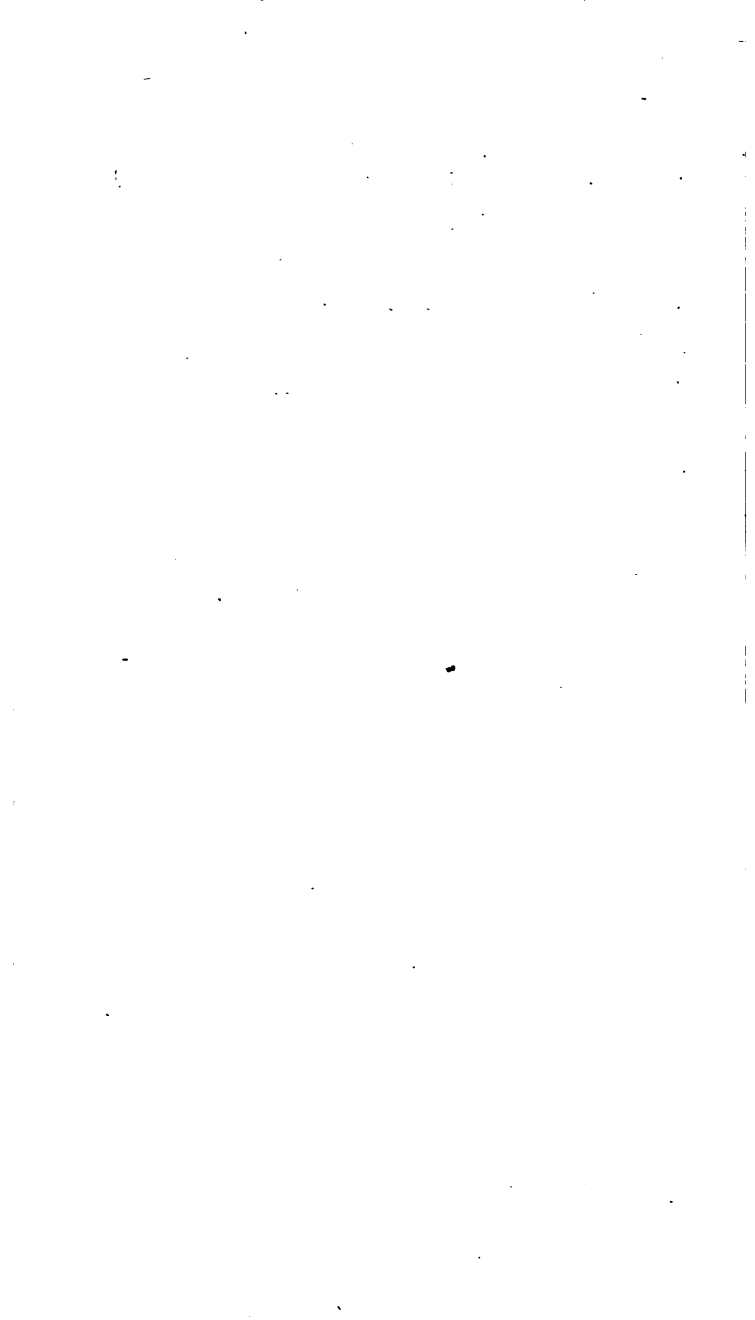
## CXIX.

And here I leave them at their preparation  
For the Imperial presence, wherein whether  
Gulbeyaz shewed them both commiseration,  
Or got rid of the parties altogether,  
Like other angry ladies of her nation,—  
Are things the turning of a hair or feather  
May settle; but far be't from me to anticipate  
In what way feminine Caprice may dissipate.

## . CXX.

I leave them for the present with good wishes,  
Though doubts of their well doing, to arrange  
Another part of History, for the dishes  
Of this our banquet we must sometimes change,  
And trusting Juan may escape the fishes,  
Although his situation now seems strange,  
And scarce secure : as such digressions *are* fair,  
The Muse will take a little touch at warfare.

END OF CANTO VI.



# DON JUAN.

## CANTO VII.



# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO VII.

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### I.

OH Love! O Glory! what are ye who fly  
Around us ever, rarely to alight?  
There's not a meteor in the Polar sky  
Of such transcendant and more fleeting flight.  
Chill, and chained to cold earth, we lift on high  
Our eyes in search of either lovely light;  
A thousand and a thousand colours they  
Assume, then leave us on our freezing way.

## II.

And such as they are, such my present tale is,  
A non-descript and ever varying rhyme,  
A versified Aurora Borealis,  
Which flashes o'er a waste and icy clime.  
When we know what all are, we must bewail us,  
But, ne'ertheless, I hope it is no crime  
To laugh at *all* things—for I wish to know  
*What* after *all*, are *all* things—but a *Show*?

## III.

They accuse me—*Me*—the present writer of  
The present poem—of—I know not what,—  
A tendency to under-rate and scoff  
At human power and virtue, and all that;  
And this they say in language rather rough.  
Good God! I wonder what they would be at!  
I say no more than has been said in Dante's  
Verse, and by Solomon and by Cervantes;



## IV.

By Swift, by Machiavel, by Rochefoucault,  
By Fenelon, by Luther, and by Plato ;  
By Tillotson, and Wesley, and Rousseau,  
Who knew this life was not worth a potato.  
'Tis not their fault, nor mine, if this be so—  
For my part, I pretend not to be Cato,  
Nor even Diogenes.—We live and die,  
But which is best, you know no more than I.

## V.

Socrates said, our only knowledge was  
“ To know that nothing could be known ;” a pleasant  
Science enough, which levels to an ass  
Each Man of Wisdom, future, past, or present.  
Newton (that Proverb of the Mind) alas !  
Declared, with all his grand discoveries recent,  
That he himself felt only “ like a youth  
“ Picking up shells by the great Ocean—Truth.”

## VI.

Ecclesiastes said, that all is vanity—

Most modern preachers say the same, or show it  
By their examples of true Christianity ;

In short, all know, or very soon may know it ;  
And in this scene of all-confessed inanity,

By saint, by sage, by preacher, and by poet,  
Must I restrain me, through the fear of strife,  
From holding up the Nothingness of life ?

## VII.

Dogs, or Men ! (for I flatter you in saying  
That ye are dogs—your betters far) ye may  
Read, or read not, what I am now essaying

To show ye what ye are in every way.  
As little as the Moon stops for the baying

Of wolves, will the bright Muse withdraw one ray  
From out her skies—then howl your idle wrath !  
While she still silvers o'er your gloomy path.

## VIII.

“ Fierce loves and faithless wars ”—I am not sure  
If this be the right reading—’tis no matter ;  
The fact’s about the same, I am secure ;  
I sing them both, and am about to batter  
A town which did a famous siege endure,  
And was beleaguer’d both by land and water  
By Suvaroff, or anglicè Suwarrow,  
Who loved blood as an Alderman loves marrow.

## IX.

The Fortress is called Ismail, and is placed  
Upon the Danube’s left branch and left bank,  
With buildings in the Oriental taste,  
But still a fortress of the foremost rank,  
Or was at least, unless ’tis since defaced,  
Which with your conquerors is a common prank :  
It stands some eighty versts from the high sea,  
And measures round of toises thousands three.

## X.

Within the extent of this fortification

A Borough is comprised along the height  
Upon the left, which from its loftier station  
Commands the city, and upon its scite  
A Greek had raised around this elevation

A quantity of palisades *upright*,  
So placed as to *impede* the fire of those  
Who held the place, and to *assist* the foe's.

## XI.

This circumstance may serve to give a notion

Of the high talents of this new Vauban :  
But the town ditch below was deep as Ocean,  
The rampart higher than you'd wish to hang :  
But then there was a great want of precaution,  
(Prithee, excuse this engineering slang)  
Nor work advanced, nor covered way was there,  
To hint at least "Here is no thoroughfare."

## XII.

But a stone bastion, with a narrow gorge,  
And walls as thick as most skulls born as yet ;  
Two batteries, cap-a-pee, as our St. George,  
Case-mated one, and t'other " a barbette,"  
Of Danube's bank took formidable charge ;  
While two-and-twenty cannon duly set  
Rose over the town's right side, in bristling tier,  
Forty feet high, upon a cavalier.

## XIII.

But from the river the town's open quite,  
Because the Turks could never be persuaded  
A Russian vessel e'er would heave in sight ;  
And such their creed was, till they were invaded,  
When it grew rather late to set things right.  
But as the Danube could not well be waded,  
They looked upon the Muscovite flotilla,  
And only shouted, " Allah !" and " Bis Millah !"

## XIV.

The Russians now were ready to attack ;

But oh, ye Goddesses of war and glory !

How shall I spell the name of each Cossacque

Who were immortal, could one tell their story ?

Alas ! what to their memory can lack ?

Achilles' self was not more grim and gory

Than thousands of this new and polished nation,

Whose names want nothing but—pronunciation.

## XV.

Still I'll record a few, if but to encrease

Our euphony—there was Strongenoff, and Strokonoff,  
Meknop, Serge Lwdw, Arseniew of modern Greece,

And Tschitsshakoff, and Roguenoff, and Chokenoff,  
And others of twelve consonants a-piece ;

And more might be found out, if I could poke enough  
Into gazettes ; but Fame (capricious strumpet)  
It seems, has got an ear as well as trumpet,

## XVI.

And cannot tune those discords of narration,  
Which may be names at Moscow, into rhyme;  
Yet there were several worth commemoration,  
As e'er was virgin of a nuptial chime;  
Soft words too fitted for the peroration  
Of Londonderry, drawling against time,  
Ending in "ischskin," "ousckin," "iffskchy," "ouski,"  
Of whom we can insert but Rousamouski.

## XVII.

Scherematoff and Chrematoff, Koklophti,  
Koclobski, Kourakin, and Mouskin Pouskin,  
All proper men of weapons, as e'er scoffed high  
Against a foe, or ran a sabre through skin:  
Little cared they for Mahomet or Mufti,  
Unless to make their kettle drums a new skin  
Out of their hides, if parchment had grown dear,  
And no more handy substitute been near.

## XVIII.

Then there were foreigners of much renown,  
Of various nations, and all volunteers ;  
Not fighting for their country or its crown,  
But wishing to be one day brigadiers ;  
Also to have the sacking of a town ;  
A pleasant thing to young men at their years.  
'Mongst them were several Englishmen of pith,  
Sixteen called Thomson, and nineteen named Smith.

## XIX.

Jack Thomson and Bill Thomson ;—all the rest  
Had been called "*Jemmy*," after the great bard ;  
I don't know whether they had arms or crest,  
But such a godfather's as good a card.  
Three of the Smiths were Peters ; but the best  
Amongst them all, hard blows to inflict or ward,  
Was *he*, since so renowned "in country quarters  
At Halifax ;" but now he served the Tartars.



## XX.

The rest were Jacks and Gills and Wills and Bills ;

But when I've added that the elder Jack Smith  
Was born in Cumberland among the hills,

And that his father was an honest blacksmith,  
I've said all *I* know of a name that fills

Threelines of the despatch in taking "Schmacksmith,"  
A village of Moldavia's waste, wherein  
He fell, immortal in a bulletin.

## XXI.

I wonder (although Mars no doubt's a God I

Praise) if a man's name in a *bulletin*  
May make up for a *bullet* in his body ?

I hope this little question is no sin,  
Because, though I am but a simple noddy,

I think one Shakespeare puts the same thought in  
The mouth of some one in his plays so doating,  
Which many people pass for wits by quoting.

## XXII.

Then there were Frenchmen, gallant, young and gay:

But I'm too great a patriot to record

Their Gallic names upon a glorious day;

I'd rather tell ten lies than say a word

Of truth;—such truths are treason; they betray

Their country; and as traitors are abhorred

Who name the French in English, save to shew

How Peace should make John Bull the Frenchman's foe.

## XXIII.

The Russians, having built two batteries on

An Isle near Ismail, had two ends in view;

The first was to bombard it, and knock down

The public buildings, and the private too,

No matter what poor souls might be undone.

The City's shape suggested this, 'tis true;

Formed like an amphitheatre, each dwelling

Presented a fine mark to throw a shell in.

## XXIV.

The second object was to profit by

The moment of the general consternation,  
To attack the Turk's flotilla, which lay nigh  
Extremely tranquil, anchored at its station :  
But a third motive was as probably

To frighten them into capitulation ;  
A phantasy which sometimes seizes warriors,  
Unless they are game as Bull-dogs and Fox-terriers.

## XXV.

A habit rather blameable, which is

That of despising those we combat with,  
Common in many cases, was in this

The cause of killing Tchitchitzkoff and Smith ;  
One of the valourous " Smiths " whom we shall miss  
Out of those nineteen who late rhymed to " pith ;"  
But 'tis a name so spread o'er " Sir " and " Madam,"  
That one would think the FIRST who bore it " ADAM."

## XXVI.

The Russian batteries were incomplete,  
Because they were constructed in a hurry;  
Thus the same cause which makes a verse want feet,  
And throws a cloud o'er Longman and John Murray,  
When the sale of new books is not so fleet  
As they who print them think is necessary,  
May likewise put off for a time what story  
Sometimes calls "murder," and at others "glory."

## XXVII.

Whether it was their engineer's stupidity,  
Their haste, or waste, I neither know nor care,  
Or some contractor's personal cupidity,  
Saving his soul by cheating in the ware  
Of homicide, but there was no solidity  
In the new batteries erected there;  
They either missed, or they were never missed,  
And added greatly to the missing list.

## XXVIII.

A sad miscalculation about distance  
Made all their naval matters incorrect ;  
Three fireships lost their amiable existence  
Before they reached a spot to take effect :  
The match was lit too soon, and no assistance  
Could remedy this lubberly defect ;  
They blew up in the middle of the river,  
While, though 'twas dawn, the Turks slept fast as ever.

## XXIX.

At seven they rose, however, and surveyed  
The Russ flotilla getting under way ;  
'Twas nine, when still advancing undismayed,  
Within a cable's length their vessels lay  
Off Ismail, and commenced a cannonade,  
Which was returned with interest, I may say,  
And by a fire of musquetry and grape  
And shells and shot of every size and shape.

## XXX.

For six hours bore they without intermission  
The Turkish fire, and aided by their own  
Land batteries, worked their guns with great precision;  
At length they found mere cannonade alone  
By no means would produce the town's submission,  
And made a signal to retreat at one.  
One bark blew up, a second near the works  
Running aground, was taken by the Turks.

## XXXI.

The Moslem too had lost both ships and men;  
But when they saw the enemy retire,  
Their Delhis manned some boats, and sailed again.  
And galled the Russians with a heavy fire,  
And tried to make a landing on the main;  
But here the effect fell short of their desire:  
Count Damas drove them back into the water  
Pell mell, and with a whole gazette of slaughter.

## XXXII.

“ If” (says the historian here) “ I could report  
“ All that the Russians did upon this day,  
“ I think that several volumes would fall short,  
“ And I should still have many things to say ;”  
And so he says no more—but pays his court  
To some distinguished strangers in that fray ;  
The Prince de Ligne, and Langeron, and Damas,  
Names great as any that the roll of Fame has.

## XXXIII.

This being the case, may show us what fame is :  
For out of these three “ *preux Chevaliers*,” how  
Many of common readers give a guess  
That such existed ? (and they may live now  
For aught we know.) Renown’s all hit or miss ;  
There’s Fortune even in fame, we must allow.  
’Tis true, the Memoirs of the Prince de Ligne  
Have half withdrawn from *him* oblivion’s screen.

## XXXIV.

But here are men who fought in gallant actions  
As gallantly as ever heroes fought,  
But buried in the heap of such transactions  
Their names are rarely found, nor often sought.  
Thus even good fame may suffer sad contractions,  
And is extinguished sooner than she ought :  
Of all our modern battles, I will bet  
You can't repeat nine names from each Gazette.

## XXXV.

In short, this last attack, though rich in glory,  
Shewed that *somewhere, somehow*, there was a fault,  
And Admiral Ribas (known in Russian story)  
Most strongly recommended an assault ;  
In which he was opposed by young and hoary,  
Which made a long debate ; but I must halt,  
For if I wrote down every warrior's speech,  
I doubt few readers e'er would mount the breach.



## XXXVI.

There was a man, if that he was a man,  
Not that his manhood could be called in question,  
For had he not been Hercules, his span  
Had been as short in youth as indigestion  
Made his last illness, when, all worn and wan,  
He died beneath a tree, as much unblest on  
The soil of the green province he had wasted,  
As e'er was locust on the land it blasted.

## XXXVII.

This was Potemkin—a great thing in days  
When homicide and harlotry made great;  
If stars and titles could entail long praise,  
His glory might half equal his estate.  
This fellow, being six foot high, could raise  
A kind of phantasy proportionate  
In the then Sovereign of the Russian people,  
Who measured men as you would do a steeple.

## XXXVIII.

While things were in abeyance, Ribas sent

A courier to the Prince, and he succeeded

In ordering matters after his own bent ;

I cannot tell the way in which he pleaded,

But shortly he had cause to be content.

In the mean time, the batteries proceeded,

And fourscore cannon on the Danube's border

Were briskly fired and answered in due order.

## XXXIX.

But on the thirteenth, when already part

Of the troops were embarked, the siege to raise,

A courier on the spur inspired new heart

Into all panthers for newspaper praise,

As well as dilettanti in war's art,

By his despatches couched in pithy praise ;

Announcing the appointment of that lover of

Battles, to the command, Field Marshal Souvaroff.

## XL.

The letter of the Prince to the same Marshal

Was worthy of a Spartan, had the cause  
Been one to which a good heart could be partial—

Defence of freedom, country, or of laws ;  
But as it was mere lust of power to o'er-arch all

With its proud brow, it merits slight applause,  
Save for its style, which said, all in a trice,  
“ You will take Ismail at whatever price.”

## XLI.

“ Let there be light ! said God, and there was light !”

“ Let there be blood !” says man, and there's a sea !  
The fiat of this spoiled child of the Night

(For Day ne'er saw his merits) could decree  
More evil in an hour, than thirty bright

Summers could renovate, though they should be  
Lovely as those which ripened Eden's fruit,  
For war cuts up not only branch, but root.

## XLII.

Our friends the Turks, who with loud "Allah's" now  
Began to signalize the Russ retreat,  
Were damnably mistaken; few are slow  
In thinking that their enemy is beat,  
(Or *beaten*, if *you* insist on grammar, though  
I never think about it in a heat)  
But here I say the Turks were much mistaken,  
Who hating hogs, yet wished to save their bacon.

## XLIII.

For, on the sixteenth, at full gallop, drew  
In sight two horsemen, who were deemed Cossacques  
For some time, till they came in nearer view.  
They had but little baggage at their backs,  
For there were but *three* shirts between the two;  
But on they rode upon two Ukraine hacks,  
Till, in approaching, were at length descried  
In this plain pair, Suwarrow and his guide.

## XLIV.

“ Great joy to London now ! ” says some great fool,  
When London had a grand illumination,  
Which to that bottle-conjurer, John Bull,  
Is of all dreams the first hallucination ;  
So that the streets of coloured lamps are full,  
That Sage (*said* John) surrenders at discretion  
His purse, his soul, his sense, and even his nonsense,  
To gratify, like a huge moth, this *one* sense.

## XLV.

’Tis strange that he should further “ damn his eyes,”  
For they are damned ; that once all famous oath.  
Is to the devil now no further prize,  
Since John has lately lost the use of both.  
Debt he calls wealth, and taxes, Paradise ;  
And Famīne, with her gaunt and bony growth,  
Which stare him in the face, he wont examine,  
Or swears that Ceres hath begotten Famine.

## XLVI.

But to the tale ;—great joy unto the camp !

To Russian, Tartar, English, French, Cossacque,  
O'er whom Suwarrow shone like a gas lamp,

Presaging a most luminous attack,  
Or like a wisp along the marsh so damp,

Which leads beholders on a boggy walk,  
He flitted to and fro a dancing Light,  
Which all who saw it followed, wrong or right.

## XLVII.

But certes matters took a different face ;

There was enthusiasm and much applause,  
The fleet and camp saluted with great grace,  
And all presaged Good Fortune to their cause.

Within a cannon-shot length of the place

They drew, constructed ladders, repaired flaws  
In former works, made new, prepared fascines,  
And all kinds of benevolent machines.

## XLVIII.

'Tis thus the spirit of a single mind  
Makes that of multitudes take one direction,  
As roll the waters to the-breathing wind,  
Or roams the herd beneath the bull's protection ;  
Or as a little dog will lead the blind,  
Or a bell-wether form the flock's connection  
By tinkling sounds, when they go forth to victual ;  
Such is the sway of your great men o'er little.

## XLIX.

The whole camp rung with joy ; you would have thought  
That they were going to a marriage feast ;  
(This metaphor, I think, holds good as aught,  
Since there is discord after both at least.)  
There was not now a luggage boy but sought  
Danger and spoil with ardour much encreased ;  
And why ? because a little—odd—old man,  
Stript to his shirt, was come to lead the van.

## L.

But so it was ; and every preparation  
Was made with all alacrity : the first  
Detachment of three columns took its station,  
And waited but the signal's voice to burst  
Upon the foe : the second's ordination  
Was also in three columns, with a thirst  
For Glory gaping o'er a sea of slaughter :  
The third, in columns two, attacked by water.

## LI.

New batteries were erected, and was held  
A general council, in which Unanimity,  
That stranger to most councils, here prevailed,  
As sometimes happens in a great extremity ;  
And every difficulty being dispelled,  
Glory began to dawn with due Sublimity,  
While Souvaroff, determined to obtain it,  
Was teaching his recruits to use the bayonet.\*

\* Fact: Souvaroff did this in person.



## LII.

It is an actual fact, that he, Commander-

In-Chief, in proper person deigned to drill

The awkward squad, and could afford to squander

His time, a corporal's duty to fulfil;

Just as you'd break a sucking salamander

To swallow flame, and never take it ill;

He showed them how to mount a ladder (which

Was not like Jacob's) or to cross a ditch,

## LIII.

Also he dressed up, for the nonce, fascines

Like men with turbans, scymitars and dirks,

And made them charge with bayonet these machines

By way of lesson against actual Turks;

And when well practised in these mimic scenes,

He judged them proper to assail the works;

At which your wise men sneered in phrases witty:

He made no answer; but he took the city.

## LIV.

Most things were in this posture on the eve  
Of the assault, and all the camp was in  
A stern repose ; which you would scarce conceive ;  
Yet men, resolved to dash through thick and thin,  
Are very silent when they once believe,  
That all is settled :—there was little din,  
For some were thinking of their home and friends,  
And others of themselves and latter ends.

## LV.

Suwarrow chiefly was on the alert,  
Surveying, drilling, ordering, jesting, pondering,  
For the man was, we safely may assert,  
A thing to wonder at beyond most wondering ;  
Hero, buffoon, half-demon and half-dirt,  
Praying, instructing, desolating, plundering ;  
Now Mars, now Momus ; and when bent to storm  
A fortress, Harlequin in uniform.

## LVI.

The day before the assault, while upon drill,  
For this great Conqueror played the corporal,  
Some Cossacques hovering like hawks round a hill,  
Had met a party towards the twilight's fall,  
One of whom spoke their tongue or well or ill,  
'Twas much that he was understood at all;  
But, whether from his voice, or speech, or manner,  
They found that he had fought beneath their banner.

## LVII.

Whereon immediately at his request  
They brought him and his comrades to head-quarters;  
Their dress was Moslem, but you might have guessed  
That these were merely masquerading Tartars,  
And that beneath each Turkish-fashioned vest  
Lurked Christianity, who sometimes barter  
Her inward grace for outward show, and makes  
It difficult to shun some strange mistakes.

## LVIII.

Suwarrow, who was standing in his shirt  
Before a company of Calmucks, drilling,  
Exclaiming, fooling, swearing at the inert,  
And lecturing on the noble art of killing,—  
For deeming human clay but common dirt,  
This great philosopher was thus instilling  
His maxims, which to martial comprehension  
Proved death in battle equal to a pension,—

## LIX.

Suwarrow, when he saw this company  
Of Cossacques and their prey, turned round and cast  
Upon them his slow brow and piercing eye :—  
“ Whence come ye ? ” — “ From Constantinople last,  
“ Captives just now escaped,” was the reply.  
“ What are ye ? ” — “ What you see us.” Briefly past  
This dialogue ; for he who answered knew  
To whom he spoke, and made his words but few.

## LX.

“Your names?”—“Mine’s Johnson, and my comrade’s, Juan,

“The other two are women, and the third

“Is neither man nor woman.” The Chief threw on

The party a slight glance, then said: “I have heard

“Your name before, the second is a new one;

“To bring the other three here was absurd;

“But let that pass;—I think I have heard your name

“In the Nikolaiew regiment?”—“The same.”

## LXI.

“You served at Widin?”—“Yes;”—“You led the attack?”

“I did.”—“What next?”—“I really hardly know.”

“You were the first i’ the breach?”—“I was not slack

“At least to follow those who might be so,”

“What followed?”—“A shot laid me on my back,

“And I became a prisoner to the foe.”

“You shall have vengeance, for the town surrounded

“Is twice as strong as that where you were wounded.

## LXII.

“Where will you serve?”—“Where’er you please.”—

“I know

“You like to be the hope of the forlorn,

“And doubtless would be foremost on the foe

“After the hardships you’ve already borne.

“And this young fellow—say what can he do?

“He with the beardless chin and garments torn?”

“Why, General, if he hath no greater fault

“In war than love, he had better lead the assault.”

## LXIII.

“He shall if that he dare.” Here Juan bowed

Low as the compliment deserved. Suwarrow

Continued: “Your old regiment’s allowed,

“By special providence, to lead to-morrow,

“Or it may be, to-night, the assault; I have vowed

“To several saints, that shortly plough or harrow

“Shall pass o’er what was Ismail, and its tusk

“Be unimpeded by the proudest Mosque.

## LXIV.

“ So now, my lads, for Glory !”—Here he turned  
And drilled away in the most classic Russian,  
Until each high, heroic bosom burned  
For cash and conquest, as if from a cushion  
A preacher had held forth (who nobly spurned  
All earthly goods save tithes) and bade them push on  
To slay the Pagans, who resisted battering  
The armies of the Christian Empress Catherine.

## LXV.

Johnson, who knew by this long colloquy  
Himself a favourite, ventured to address  
Suwarrow, though engaged with accents high  
In his resumed amusement. “ I confess  
“ My debt in being thus allowed to die  
“ Among the foremost ; but if you’d express  
“ Explicitly our several posts, my friend  
“ And self would know what duty to attend.”

## LXVI.

- “ Right! I was busy, and forgot. Why, you  
“ Will join your former regiment, which should be  
“ Now under arms. Ho! Katskoff, take him to—  
(Here he called up a Polish orderly)  
“ His post I mean, the regiment Nikolaiew;  
“ The stranger stripling may remain with me;  
“ He’s a fine boy. The women may be sent  
“ To the other baggage, or to the sick tent.”

## LXVII.

But here a sort of scene began to ensue;  
The ladies,—who by no means had been bred  
To be disposed of in a way so new,  
Although their harem education led  
Doubtless to that of doctrines the most true,  
Passive obedience,—now raised up the head,  
With flashing eyes and starting tears, and flung  
Their arms, as hens their wings about their young,



## LXVIII.

O'er the promoted couple of brave men

Who were thus honoured by the greatest Chief  
That ever peopled hell with heroes slain,

Or plunged a province or a realm in grief.  
Oh, foolish mortals! Always taught in vain!  
Oh, glorious laurel! since for one sole leaf  
Of thine imaginary deathless tree,  
Of blood and tears must flow the unebbing sea.

## LXIX.

Suwarrow, who had small regard for tears,

And not much sympathy for blood, surveyed  
The women with their hair about their ears

And natural agonies, with a slight shade  
Of feeling; for however habit sears

Men's hearts against whole millions, when their trade  
Is butchery, sometimes a single sorrow  
Will touch even Heroes, and such was Suwarrow.

## LXX.

He said,—and in the kindest Calmuck tone,—

“ Why, Johnson, what the devil do you mean

“ By bringing women here ? They shall be shown

“ All the attention possible, and seen

“ In safety to the waggons, where alone

“ In fact they can be safe. You should have been

“ Aware this kind of baggage never thrives ;

“ Save wed a year, I hate recruits with wives.”

## LXXI.

“ May it please your Excellency,” thus replied

Our British friend, “ these are the wives of others,

“ And not our own. I am too qualified

“ By service with my military brothers,

“ To break the rules by bringing one’s own bride

“ Into a camp : I know that nought so bothers

“ The hearts of the heroic on a charge,

“ As leaving a small family at large.

## LXXII.

“ But these are but two Turkish ladies, who  
“ With their attendant aided our escape,  
“ And afterwards accompanied us through  
“ A thousand perils in this dubious shape.  
“ To me this kind of life is not so new ;  
“ To them, poor things, it is an awkward step :  
“ I therefore, if you wish me to fight freely,  
“ Request that they may both be used genteelly.”

## LXXIII.

Meantime these two poor girls, with smimming eyes,  
Looked on as if in doubt if they could trust  
Their own protectors ;—nor was their surprise  
Less than their grief (and truly not less just)  
To see an old man, rather wild than wise  
In aspect, plainly clad, besmeared with dust,  
Stript to his waistcoat, and *that not* too clean,  
More feared than all the Sultans ever seen.

## LXXIV.

For every thing seemed resting on his nod,  
As they could read in all eyes. Now to them  
Who were accustomed, as a sort of God,  
To see the Sultan, rich in many a gem,  
Like an Imperial Peacock stalk abroad,  
(That royal bird, whose tail's a diadem)  
With all the Pomp of Power, it was a doubt  
How Power could condescend to do without.

## LXXV.

John Johnson, seeing their extreme dismay,  
Though little versed in feelings Oriental,  
Suggested some slight comfort in his way:  
Don Juan, who was much more sentimental,  
Swore they should see him by the dawn of day,  
Or that the Russian army should repent all:  
And, strange to say, they found some consolation  
In this, for females like exaggeration.

## LXXVI.

And then with tears, and sighs, and some slight kisses,  
They parted for the present, these to await,  
According to the artillery's hits or misses,  
What Sages call Chance, Providence, or Fate—  
Uncertainty is one of many blisses,  
A mortgage on Humanity's estate—  
While their beloved friends began to arm,  
To burn a town which never did them harm.

## LXXVII.

Suwarrow,—who but saw things in the gross,  
Being much too gross to see them in detail,  
Who calculated life as so much dross,  
And as the wind a widowed nation's wail,  
And cared as little for his army's loss  
(So that their efforts should at length prevail)  
As wife and friends did for the boils of Job,—  
What was't to him to hear two women sob?

## LXXVIII.

Nothing.—The work of Glory still went on

In preparations for a cannonade

As terrible as that of Ilion,

If Homer had found mortars ready made ;

But now, instead of slaying Priam's son,

We only can but talk of escalade,

Bombs, drums, guns, bastions, batteries, bayonets,  
bullets,

Hard words, which stick in the soft Muses' gullets.

## LXXIX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer ! who couldst charm

All ears, though long ; all ages, though so short,

By merely wielding with poetic arm,

Arms to which men will never more resort,

Unless gun-powder should be found to harm

Much less than is the hope of every Court,

Which now is leagued young Freedom to annoy ;

But they will not find Liberty a Troy :—

## LXXX.

Oh, thou eternal Homer ! I have now  
To paint a siege, wherein more men were slain,  
With deadlier engines and a speedier blow,  
Than in thy Greek gazette of that campaign ;  
And yet, like all men else, I must allow,  
To vie with thee would be about as vain  
As for a brook to cope with Ocean's flood ;  
But still we Moderns equal you in blood ;

## LXXXI.

If not in poetry, at least in fact,  
And fact is truth, the grand desideratum !  
Of which, howe'er the Muse describes each act,  
There should be ne'ertheless a slight substratum.  
But now the town is going to be attacked,  
Great deeds are doing—how shall I relate 'em !  
Souls of immortal generals ! Phœbus watches  
To colour up his rays from your despatches.

## LXXXII.

Oh, ye great bulletins of Bonaparte !

Oh, ye less grand long lists of killed and wounded !  
Shade of Leonidas, who fought so hearty,

When my poor Greece was once; as now, surrounded !  
Oh, Cæsar's Commentaries ! now impart ye,

Shadows of glory ! (lest I be confounded)  
A portion of your fading twilight hues,  
So beautiful, so fleeting, to the Muse.

## LXXXIII.

When I call " fading " martial immortality,

I mean, that every age and every year,  
And almost every day, in sad reality,

Some sucking hero is compelled to rear,  
Who, when we come to sum up the totality

Of deeds to human happiness most dear,  
Turns out to be a butcher in great business,  
Afflicting young folks with a sort of dizziness.



## LXXXIV.

Medals, ranks, ribbons, lace, embroidery, scarlet,  
Are things immortal to immortal man,  
As purple to the Babylonian harlot :  
An uniform to boys, is like a fan  
To women ; there is scarce a crimson varlet  
But deems himself the first in Glory's van.  
But Glory's Glory ; and if you would find  
What that is—ask the pig who sees the wind !

## LXXXV.

At least *he feels it*, and some say he *sees*,  
Because he runs before it like a pig ;  
Or, if that simple sentence should displease,  
Say that he scuds before it like a brig,  
A schooner, or—but it is time to ease  
This Canto, ere my Muse perceives fatigue.  
The next shall ring a peal to shake all people,  
Like a bob-major from a village steeple.

## LXXXVI.

Hark! through the silence of the cold, dull night,

The hum of armies gathering rank on rank!

Lo! dusky masses steal in dubious sight

Along the leaguered wall and bristling bank  
Of the armed river, while with straggling light

The stars peep through the vapours dim and dank,  
Which curl in curious wreaths—How soon the smoke  
Of Hell shall pall them in a deeper cloak!

## LXXXVII.

Here pause we for the present—as even then

That awful pause, dividing life from death,  
Struck for an instant on the hearts of men,

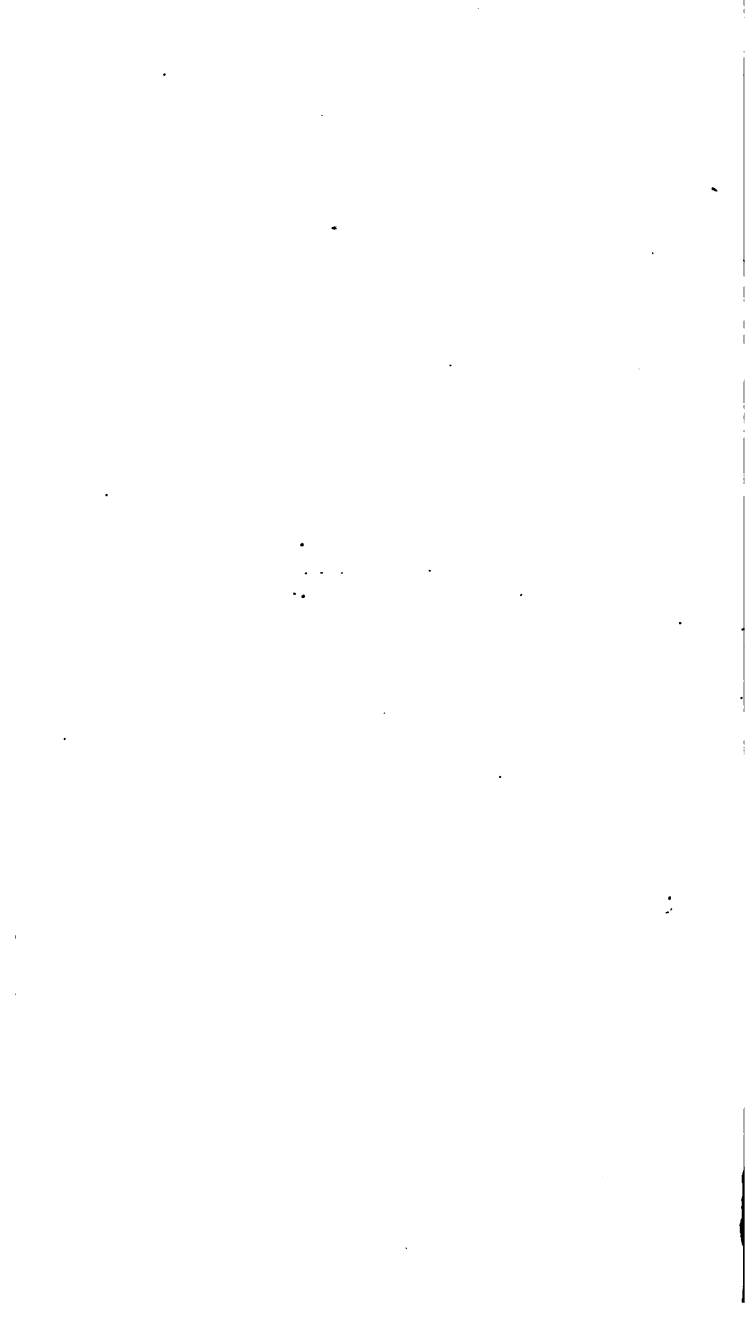
Thousands of whom were drawing their last breath!  
A moment! and all will be life again!

The march! the charge! the shouts of either faith!  
Hurra! and Allah! and, one moment more,  
The Death-cry drowning in the battle's roar.

END OF CANTO VII.

**DON JUAN.**

**CANTO VIII.**



# DON JUAN.

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## CANTO VIII.

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### I.

OH blood and thunder! and oh blood and wounds!—

These are but vulgar oaths, as you may deem,  
Too gentle reader! and most shocking sounds:

And so they are; yet thus is Glory's dream  
Unriddled, and as my true Muse expounds

At present such things, since they are her theme,  
So be they her inspirers! Call them Mars,  
Bellona, what you will—they mean but wars.

## II.

All was prepared—the fire, the sword, the men  
To wield them in their terrible array.  
The army, like a lion from his den,  
Marched forth with nerve and sinews bent to slay,—  
A human Hydra, issuing from its fen  
To breathe destruction on its winding way,  
Whose heads were heroes, which cut off in vain  
Immediately in others grew again.

## III.

History can only take things in the gross;  
But could we know them in detail, perchance  
In balancing the profit and the loss,  
War's merit it by no means might enhance,  
To waste so much gold for a little dross,  
As hath been done, mere conquest to advance.  
The drying up a single tear has more  
Of honest fame, than shedding seas of gore.

## IV.

And why?—because it brings self-approbation ;  
Whereas the other, after all its glare,  
Shouts, bridges, arches, pensions from a nation,—  
Which (it may be) has not much left to spare,—  
A higher title, or a loftier station,  
Though they may make Corruption gape or stare,  
Yet, in the end, except in freedom's battles,  
Are nothing but a child of Murder's rattles.

## V.

And such they are—and such they will be found.  
Not so Leonidas and Washington,  
Whose every battle-field is holy ground,  
Which breathes of nations saved, not worlds undone.  
How sweetly on the ear such echoes sound !  
While the mere victor's may appal or stun  
The servile and the vain, such names will be  
A watchword till the future shall be free.

## VI.

The night was dark, and the thick mist allowed  
Nought to be seen save the artillery's flame,  
Which arched the horizon like a fiery cloud,  
And in the Danube's waters shone the same—  
A mirrored Hell! The volleying roar, and loud  
Long booming of each peal on peal, o'ercame  
The ear far more than thunder; for Heaven's flashes  
Spare, or smite rarely—Man's make millions ashes!

## VII.

The column ordered on the assault scarce passed  
Beyond the Russian batteries a few toises,  
When up the bristling Moslem rose at last,  
Answering the Christian thunders with like voices;  
Then one vast fire, air, earth and stream embraced,  
Which rocked as 'twere beneath the mighty noises;  
While the whole rampart blazed like Etna, when  
The restless Titan hiccups in his den.



## VIII.

And one enormous shout of "Allah!" rose

In the same moment, loud as even the roar  
Of War's most mortal engines, to their foes

Hurling defiance: city, stream, and shore,  
Resounded "Allah!" and the clouds which close

With thick'ning canopy the conflict o'er,  
Vibrate to the Eternal name. Hark! through  
All sounds it pierceth. "Allah! Allah! Hu!" (1)

## IX.

The columns were in movement one and all,

But of the portion which attacked by water,  
Thicker than leaves the lives began to fall,

Though led by Arseniew, that great son of Slaughter,  
As brave as ever faced both bomb and ball.

"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) "is God's  
daughter:" (2)

If *he* speak truth, she is Christ's sister, and  
Just now behaved as in the Holy Land.

## X.

The Prince de Ligne was wounded in the knee :

Count Chapeau-Bras too had a ball between  
His cap and head, which proves the head to be

Aristocratic as was ever seen,  
Because it then received no injury

More than the cap ; in fact the ball could mean  
No harm unto a right legitimate head :

“ Ashes to ashes ”—why not lead to lead ?

## XI.

Also the General Markow, Brigadier,

Insisting on removal of *the Prince*  
Amidst some groaning thousands dying near,—

All common fellows, who might writhe, and wince,  
And shriek for water into a deaf ear,—

The General Markow, who could thus evince  
His sympathy for tank, by the same token,  
To teach him greater, had his own leg broken.

## XII.

Three hundred cannon threw up their emetic,  
And thirty thousand musquets flung their pills  
Like hail, to make a bloody diuretic.  
Mortality! thou hast thy monthly bills;  
Thy Plagues, thy Famines, thy Physicians, yet tick,  
Like the death-watch, within our ears the ill  
Past, present, and to come; but all may yield  
To the true portrait of one battle-field.

## XIII.

There the still varying pangs, which multiply  
Until their very number makes men hard  
By the infinities of agony,  
Which meet the gaze, whate'er it may regard—  
The groan, the roll in dust, the all-white eye  
Turned back within its socket,—these reward  
Your rank and file by thousands, while the rest  
May win perhaps a ribbon at the breast!

## XIV.

Yet I love Glory ;—glory's a great thing ;—  
Think what it is to be in your old age  
Maintained at the expense of your good king :  
A moderate pension shakes full many a sage,  
And heroes are but made for bards to sing,  
Which is still better ; thus in verse to wage  
Your wars eternally, besides enjoying  
Half-pay for life, make mankind worth destroying.

## XV.

The troops, already disembarked, pushed on  
To take a battery on the right ; the others,  
Who landed lower down, their landing done,  
Had set to work as briskly as their brothers :  
Being grenadiers they mounted one by one,  
Cheerful as children climb the breasts of mothers,  
O'er the entrenchment and the palisade,  
Quite orderly, as if upon parade.

## XVI.

And this was admirable; for so hot

The fire was, that were red Vesuvius loaded,  
Besides its lava, with all sorts of shot

And shells or hells, it could not more have goaded.  
Of officers a third fell on the spot,

A thing which victory by no means boded  
To gentlemen engaged in the assault :

Hounds, when the huntsman tumbles, are at fault.

## XVII.

But here I leave the general concern,

To track our hero on his path of fame :  
He must his laurels separately earn ;

For fifty thousand heroes, name by name,  
Though all deserving equally to turn

A couplet, or an elegy to claim,  
Would form a lengthy lexicon of glory,  
And what is worse still, a much longer story :

## XVIII.

And therefore we must give the greater number  
To the Gazette—which doubtless fairly dealt  
By the deceased, who lie in famous slumber  
In ditches, fields, or wheresoe'er they felt  
Their clay for the last time their souls encumber;—  
Thrice happy he whose name has been well spelt  
In the dispatch: I knew a man whose loss  
Was printed *Grove*, although his name was Grose. (3)

## XIX.

Juan and Johnson joined a certain corps,  
And fought away with might and main, not knowing  
The way which they had never trod before,  
And still less guessing where they might be going;  
But on they marched, dead bodies trampling o'er,  
Firing, and thrusting, slashing, sweating, glowing,  
But fighting thoughtlessly enough to win,  
To their *two* selves, *one* whole bright bulletin.

## XX.

Thus on they wallowed in the bloody mire,

Of dead and dying thousands,—sometimes gaining  
A yard or two of ground, which brought them nigher  
To some odd angle for which all were straining;

At other times, repulsed by the close fire,

Which really poured as if all Hell were raining,  
Instead of Heaven, they stumbled backwards o'er  
A wounded comrade, sprawling in his gore.

## XXI.

Though 'twas Don Juan's first of fields, and though

The nightly muster and the silent march

In the chill dark, when courage does not glow

So much as under a triumphal arch,

Perhaps might make him shiver, yawn, or throw

A glance on the dull clouds (as thick as starch,  
Which stiffened Heaven) as if he wished for day;—  
Yet for all this he did not run away.

## XXII.

Indeed he could not. But what if he had?

There *have been* and *are* heroes who begun  
With something not much better or as bad:

Frederick the Great from Molwitz deigned to run,  
For the first and last time; for, like a pad,  
Or hawk, or bride, most mortals after one  
Warm bout are broken into their new tricks,  
And fight like fiends for pay or politics.

## XXIII.

He was what Erin calls, in her sublime

Old Erse or Irish, or it may be *Punic*;—  
(The Antiquarians who can settle Time,

Which settles all things, Roman, Greek or Runic,  
Swear that Pat's language sprung from the same clime

With Hannibal, and wears the Tyrian tunic  
Of Dido's alphabet; and this is rational  
As any other notion, and not national;—(4)



## XXIV.

But Juan was quite "a broth of a boy,"

A thing of impulse and a child of song;

Now swimming in the sentiment of joy,

Or the *sensation* (if that phrase seem wrong)

And afterwards, if he must needs destroy,

In such good company as always throng  
To battles, sieges, and that kind of pleasure,  
No less delighted to employ his leisure;

## XXV.

But always without malice; if he warr'd

Or loved, it was with what we call "the best  
Intentions," which form all mankind's *trump card*,

To be produced when brought up to the test.

The statesman, hero, harlot, lawyer—ward

Off each attack, when people are in quest  
Of their designs, by saying they *meant well*;

'Tis pity "that such meaning should pave Hell." (5)

## XXVI.

I almost lately have begun to doubt

Whether Hell's pavement—if it be *so paved*—  
Must not have latterly been quite worn out,

Not by the numbers Good Intent hath saved,  
But by the mass who go below without

Those ancient good intentions, which once shaved  
And smoothed the brimstone of that street of Hell  
Which bears the greatest likeness to Pall Mall.

## XXVII.

Juan, by some strange chance, which oft divides

Warrior from warrior in their grim career,  
Like chastest wives from constant husbands' sides

Just at the close of the first bridal year,  
By one of those odd turns of Fortune's tides,

Was on a sudden rather puzzled here,  
When, after a good deal of heavy firing,  
He found himself alone, and friends retiring.

## XXVIII.

I don't know how the thing occurred—it might

Be that the greater part were killed or wounded,  
And that the rest had faced unto the right

About; a circumstance which has confounded  
Cæsar himself, who in the very sight

Of his whole army, which so much abounded  
In courage, was obliged to snatch a shield  
And rally back his Romans to the field.

## XXIX.

Juan, who had no shield to snatch, and was

No Cæsar, but a fine young lad, who fought  
He knew not why, arriving at this pass,

Stopped for a minute, as perhaps he ought  
For a much longer time; then, like an ass—

(Start not, kind reader, since great Homer thought  
This simile enough for Ajax, Juan  
Perhaps may find it better than a new one):—

## XXX.

Then, like an ass, he went upon his way,  
And, what was stranger, never looked behind;  
But seeing, flashing forward, like the day  
Over the hills, a fire enough to blind  
Those who dislike to look upon a fray,  
He stumbled on, to try if he could find  
A path, to add his own slight arm and forces  
To corps, the greater part of which were corpses.

## XXXI.

Perceiving then no more the commandant  
Of his own corps, nor even the corps, which had  
Quite disappeared—the Gods know how! (I can't  
Account for every thing which may look bad  
In history; but we at least may grant  
It was not marvellous that a mere lad,  
In search of glory, should look on before,  
Nor care a pinch of snuff about his corps:—)

## XXXII.

Perceiving nor commander nor commanded,  
And left at large, like a young heir, to make  
His way to—where he knew not—single handed;  
As travellers follow over bog and brake  
An “Ignis fatuus;” or as sailors stranded  
Unto the nearest hut themselves betake;  
So Juan, following honour and his nose,  
Rushed where the thickest fire announced most foes.

## XXXIII.

He knew not where he was, nor greatly cared,  
For he was dizzy, busy, and his veins  
Filled as with lightning—for his Spirit shared  
The hour, as is the case with lively brains;  
And where the hottest fire was seen and heard,  
And the loud cannon pealed his hoarsest strains,  
He rushed, while Earth and Air were sadly shaken  
By thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon! (6)

## XXXIV.

And as he rushed along, it came to pass he  
Fell in with what was late the second column,  
Under the orders of the General Lascy,  
But now reduced, as is a bulky volume  
Into an elegant extract (much less massy)  
Of heroism, and took his place with solemn  
Air 'midst the rest, who kept their valiant faces  
And levelled weapons still against the glaci.

## XXXV.

Just at this crisis up came Johnson too,  
Who had "retreated," as the phrase is when  
Men run away much rather than go through  
Destruction's jaws into the devil's den ;  
But Johnson was a clever fellow, who  
Knew when and how "to cut and come again,"  
And never ran away, except when running  
Was nothing but a valourous kind of cunning,

## XXXVI.

And so, when all his corps were dead or dying,

Except Don Juan, a mere novice, whose  
More virgin valour never dreamt of flying,

From ignorance of danger, which induces  
Its votaries, like Innocence relying

On its own strength, with careless nerves and thews,—  
Johnson retired a little, just to rally  
Those who catch cold in “shadows of Death’s valley.”

## XXXVII.

And there, a little sheltered from the shot

Which rained from bastion, battery, parapet,  
Rampart, wall, casement, house—for there was not

In this extensive city, sore beset  
By Christian soldiery, a single spot

Which did not combat like the devil, as yet,—  
He found a number of Chasseurs, all scattered  
By the resistance of the chase they battered.

## XXXVIII.

And these he called on; and, what's strange, they came  
Unto his call, unlike "the Spirits from  
The vasty deep," to whom you may exclaim,  
Says Hotspur, long ere they will leave their home.  
Their reasons were uncertainty, or shame  
At shrinking from a bullet or a bomb,  
And that odd impulse, which in wars or creeds  
Makes men, like cattle, follow him who leads.

## XXXIX.

By Jove! he was a noble fellow, Johnson,  
And though his name, than Ajax or Achilles  
Sounds less harmonious, underneath the sun soon  
We shall not see his likeness: he could kill his  
Man quite as quietly as blows the Monsoon  
Her steady breath (which some months the same  
*still is*):  
Seldom he varied feature, hue, or muscle,  
And could be very busy without bustle;



## XL.

And therefore, when he ran away, he did so  
Upon reflection, knowing that behind  
He would find others who would fain be rid so  
Of idle apprehensions, which like wind  
Trouble heroic stomachs. Though their lids so  
Oft are soon closed, all heroes are not blind,  
But when they light upon immediate death,  
Retire a little, merely to take breath.

## XLI.

But Johnson only ran off, to return  
With many other warriors, as we said,  
Unto that rather somewhat misty bourn,  
Which Hamlet tells us is a pass of dread.  
To Jack however this gave but slight concern :  
His soul (like Galvanism upon the dead)  
Acted upon the living as on wire,  
And led them back into the heaviest fire.

## XLII.

Egad ! they found the second time what they  
The first time thought quite terrible enough  
To fly from, *malgrè* all which people say  
Of glory, and all that immortal stuff  
Which fills a regiment (besides their pay,  
That daily shilling which makes warriors tough)—  
They found on their return the self-same welcome;  
Which made some *think*, and others *know*, a *Hell* come.

## XLIII.

They fell as thick as harvests beneath hail,  
Grass before scythes, or corn below the sickle,  
Proving that trite old truth, that life's as frail  
As any other boon for which men stickle.  
The Turkish batteries thrashed them like a flail  
Or a good boxer, into a sad pickle,  
Putting the very bravest, who were knocked  
Upon the head, before their guns were cocked.

## .XLIV.

The Turks behind the traverses and flanks

Of the next bastion, fired away like devils,  
And swept, as gales sweep foam away, whole ranks :

However, Heaven knows how, the Fate who levels  
Towns, nations, worlds, in her revolving pranks,

So ordered it, amidst these sulphury revels,  
That Johnson and some few who had not scampered,  
Reached the interior talus of the rampart.

## .XLV.

First one or two, then five, six, and a dozen

Came mounting quickly up, for it was now  
All neck or nothing, as, like pitch or resin,

Flame was showered forth above as well's below,  
So that you scarce could say who best had chosen,

The gentlemen that were the first to show  
Their martial faces on the parapet,  
Or those who thought it brave to wait as yet.

## .XLVI.

But those who scaled, found out that their advance  
Was favoured by an accident or blunder :  
The Greek or Turkish Cohorn's ignorance  
Had palisadoed in a way you'd wonder  
To see in forts of Netherlands or France—  
(Though these to our Gibraltar must knock under)—  
Right in the middle of the parapet  
Just named, these palisades were primly set :

## .XLVII.

So that on either side some nine or ten  
Paces were left, whereon you could contrive  
To march ; a great convenience to our men,  
At least to all those who were left alive,  
Who thus could form a line and fight again ;  
And that which further aided them to strive  
Was, that they could kick down the palisades,  
Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades. (7)

## XLVIII.

Among the first,—I will not say the *first*,  
For such precedence upon such occasions  
Will oftentimes make deadly quarrels burst  
Out between friends as well as allied nations:  
The Briton must be bold who really durst  
Put to such trial John Bull's partial patience,  
As say that Wellington at Waterloo  
Was beaten,—though the Prussians say so too;—

## XLI.

And that if Blücher, Bulow, Gneisenau,  
And God knows who besides in “au” and “ou,”  
Had not come up in time to cast an awe  
Into the hearts of those who fought till now  
As tigers combat with an empty craw,  
The Duke of Wellington had ceased to show  
His orders, also to receive his pensions,  
Which are the heaviest that our history mentions.

## L.

But never mind;—"God save the king!" and kings!

For if *he* don't, I doubt if *men* will longer—

I think I hear a little bird, who sings

The people by and bye will be the stronger:

The veriest jade will wince whose harness wrings

So much into the raw as quite to wrong her:

Beyond the rules of posting,—and the Mob

At last fall sick of imitating Job:

## .II.

At first it grumbles, then it swears, and then,

Like David, flings smooth pebbles 'gainst a giant;

At last it takes to weapons such as men

Snatch when despair makes human hearts less pliant.

Then comes "the tug of war;"—'twill come again,

I rather doubt; and I would fain say "fie on't,"

If I had not perceived that Revolution

Alone can save the Earth from Hell's pollution.

## LII.

But to continue;—I say not *the* first,

But of ~~the~~ first, our little friend Don Juan  
Walked o'er the walls of Ismail, as if nurst

Amidst such scenes—though this was quite a new one  
To him, and I should hope to *most*. The thirst

Of Glory, which so pierces through and through one,  
Pervaded him—although a generous creature,  
As warm in heart as feminine in feature.

## LIII.

And here he was—who upon woman's breast,  
Even from a child, felt like a child; howe'er

The man in all the rest might be confest,

To him it was Elysium to be there;

And he could even withstand that awkward test

Which Rousseau points out to the dubious fair,  
“Observe your lover when he leaves your arms;”  
But Juan never left them, while they had charms,

## LIV.

Unless compelled by fate, or wave, or wind,  
Or near relations, who are much the same.  
But *here* he was!—where each tie that can bind  
Humanity must yield to steel and flame:  
And *he* whose very body was all Mind,  
Flung here by Fate, or Circumstance, which tame  
The loftiest, hurried by the time and place,  
Dashed on like a spurred blood-horse in a race.

## LV.

So was his blood stirred while he found resistance,  
As is the hunter's at the five-bar gate,  
Or double post and rail, where the existence  
Of Britain's youth depends upon their weight,  
The lightest being the safest: at a distance  
He hated cruelty, as all men hate  
Blood, until heated—and even there his own  
At times would curdle o'er some heavy groan.



## LVI.

The General Lascy, who had been hard prest,  
Seeing arrive an aid so opportune  
As were some hundred youngsters all abreast,  
Who came as if just dropped down from the moon,  
To Juan, who was nearest him, addressed  
His thanks, and hopes to take the city soon,  
Not reckoning him to be a "base Bezonian,"  
(As pistol calls it) but a young Livonian.

## LVII.

Juan, to whom he spoke in German, knew  
As much of German as of Sanscrit, and  
In answer made an inclination to  
The General who held him in command;  
For seeing one with ribbons, black and blue,  
Stars, medals, and a bloody sword in hand,  
Addressing him in tones which seemed to thank,  
He recognized an officer of rank.

## LVIII.

Short speeches pass between two men who speak  
No common language; and besides, in time  
Of war and taking towns, when many a shriek  
Rings o'er the dialogue, and many a crime  
Is perpetrated ere a word can break  
Upon the ear, and sounds of horror chime  
In like church bells, with sigh, howl, groan, yell, prayer,  
There cannot be much conversation there.

## LIX.

And therefore all we have related in  
Two long octaves, passed in a little minute;  
But in the same small minute, every sin  
Contrived to get itself comprised within it.  
The very cannon, deafened by the din,  
Grew dumb, for you might almost hear a linnæ,  
As soon as thunder, 'midst the general noise  
Of human Nature's agonizing voice!

## LX.

The town was entered. Oh Eternity!—

“God made the country, and man made the town,”

So Cowper says—and I begin to be

Of his opinion, when I see cast down

Rome, Babylon, Tyre, Carthage, Nineveh,

All walls men know, and many never known;

And pondering on the present and the past,

To deem the woods shall be our home at last:—

## LXI.

Of all men, saving Sylla the Man-slayer,

Who passes for in life and death most lucky,

Of the great names which in our faces stare,

The General Boon, back-woodsman of Kentucky,

Was happiest amongst mortals any where;

For killing nothing but a bear or buck, he

Enjoyed the lonely, vigorous, harmless days

Of his old age in wilds of deepest maze.

## LXII.

Crime came not near him—she is not the child  
Of Solitude; health shrank not from him—for  
Her home is in the rarely-trodden wild,  
Where if men seek her not, and death be more  
Their choice than life, forgive them, as beguiled  
By habit to what their own hearts abhor—  
In cities caged. The present case in point I  
Cite is, that Boon lived hunting up to ninety;

## LXIII.

And what's still stranger, left behind a name  
For which men vainly decimate the throng,  
Not only famous, but of that *good* fame,  
Without which Glory's but a tavern song—  
Simple, serene, the antipodes of shame,  
Which hate nor envy e'er could tinge with wrong;  
An active hermit, even in age the child  
Of Nature, or the Man of Ross run wild.

## LXIV.

'Tis true he shrank from men even of his nation,  
When they built up unto his darling trees,—  
He moved some hundred miles off, for a station  
Where there were fewer houses and more ease;  
The inconvenience of civilization  
Is, that you neither can be pleased nor please;  
But where he met the individual man,  
He shewed himself as kind as mortal can.

## LXV.

He was not all alone: around him grew  
A sylvan tribe of children of the chace,  
Whose young, unwakened world was ever new,  
Nor sword nor sorrow yet had left a trace  
On her unwrinkled brow, nor could you view  
A frown on Nature's or on human face;—  
The free-born forest found and kept them free,  
And fresh as is a torrent or a tree.

## LXVI

And tall and strong and swift of foot were they,  
Beyond the dwarfing city's pale abortions,  
Because their thoughts had never been the prey  
Of care or gain: the green woods were their portions;  
No sinking Spirits told them they grew grey,  
No fashion made them apes of her distortions;  
Simple they were, not savage; and their rifles,  
Though very true, were not yet used for trifles.

## LXVII.

Motion was in their days, Rest in their slumbers,  
And Cheerfulness the handmaid of their toil;  
Nor yet too many nor too few their numbers;  
Corruption could not make their hearts her soil;  
The Lust which stings, the Splendour which encumbers,  
With the free foresters divide no spoil;  
Serene, not sullen, were the solitudes  
Of this unsighing people of the woods.

## LXVIII.

So much for Nature :—by way of variety,  
Now back to thy great joys, Civilization !  
And the sweet consequence of large society,  
War, Pestilence, the despot's desolation,  
The kingly scourge, the Lust of Notoriety,  
The millions slain by soldiers for their ration,  
The scenes like Catherine's boudoir at three-score,  
With Ismail's storm to soften it the more.

## LXIX.

The town was entered : first one column made  
Its sanguinary way good—then another ;  
The reeking bayonet and the flashing blade  
Clashed 'gainst the scymitar, and babe and mother  
With distant shrieks were heard Heaven to upbraid ;—  
Still closer sulphury clouds began to smother  
The breath of Morn and Man, where foot by foot  
The maddened Turks their city still dispute.

## LXX.

Koutousow, he who afterwards beat back

(With some assistance from the frost and snow)

Napoleon on his bold and bloody track,

It happened was himself beat back just now:

He was a jolly fellow, and could crack

His jest alike in face of friend or foe;

Though life, and death, and victory were at stake,

But here it seemed his jokes had ceased to take:

## LXXI.

For having thrown himself into a ditch,

Followed in haste by various grenadiers,

Whose blood the puddle greatly did enrich,

He climbed to where the parapet appears;

But there his project reached its utmost pitch,

('Mongst other deaths the General Ribaupierre's

Was much regretted) for the Moslem Men

Threw them all down into the ditch again.



## LXXII.

And had it not been for some stray troops, landing  
They knew not where, being carried by the stream  
To some spot, where they lost their understanding,  
And wandered up and down as in a dream,  
Until they reached, as day-break was expanding,  
That which a portal to their eyes did seem,—  
The great and gay Koutousow might have lain  
Where three parts of his column yet remain.

## LXXIII.

And scrambling round the rampart, these same troops,  
After the taking of the "Cavalier,"  
Just as Koutousow's most "Forlorn" of "Hopes"  
Took like cameleons some slight tinge of fear,  
Opened the gate called "Kilia" to the groups  
Of baffled heroes, who stood shyly near,  
Sliding knee-deep in lately frozen mud,  
Now thawed into a marsh of human blood.

## LXXIV.

The Kozacks, or if so you please, Cossacques—

(I don't much pique myself upon orthography,  
So that I do not grossly err in facts,

Statistics, tactics, politics and geography)—  
Having been used to serve on horses' backs,

And no great diletanti in topography  
Of fortresses, but fighting where it pleases  
Their chiefs to order,—were all cut to pieces.

## LXXV.

Their column, though the Turkish batteries thundered

Upon them, ne'ertheless had reached the rampart,  
And naturally thought they could have plundered

The city, without being further hamper'd;  
But as it happens to brave men, they blundered—

The Turks at first pretended to have scampered,  
Only to draw them 'twixt two bastion corners,  
From whence they sallied on those Christian scorners.

## LXXVI.

Then being taken by the tail—a taking

Fatal to bishops as to soldiers—these

Cossacques were all cut off as day was breaking;

And found their lives were let at a short lease—

But perished without shivering or shaking,

Leaving as ladders their heaped carcasses,

O'er which Lieutenant Colonel Yesouskoi

Marched with the brave battalion of Polouzki:—

## LXXVII.

This valiant man killed all the Turks he met,

But could not eat them, being in his turn

Slain by some Mussalmans, who would not yet,

Without resistance, see their city burn.

The walls were won, but 'twas an even bet

Which of the armies would have cause to mourn:

'Twas blow for blow, disputing inch by inch,

For one would not retreat, nor t'other flinch.

## LXXVIII.

Another column also suffered much :—

And here we may remark with the Historian,  
You should but give few cartridges to such

Troops as are meant to march with greatest glory on :  
When matters must be carried by the touch

Of the bright bayonet, and they all should hurry on,  
They sometimes, with a hankering for existence,  
Keep merely firing at a foolish distance.

## LXXIX.

A junction of the General Meknop's men

(Without the General, who had fallen some time  
Before, being badly seconded just then)

Was made at length with those who dared to climb  
The death-disgorging rampart once again ;

And though the Turk's resistance was sublime,  
They took the bastion, which the Seraskier  
Defended at a price extremely dear.

## LXXX.

Juan and Johnson, and some volunteers  
Among the foremost, offered him good quarter,  
A word which little suits with Seraskiers,  
Or at least suited not this valiant Tartar.  
He died, deserving well his country's tears,  
A savage sort of military martyr.  
An English naval officer, who wished  
To make him prisoner, was also dished :

## LXXXI.

For all the answer to his proposition  
Was from a pistol-shot that laid him dead ;  
On which the rest, without more intermission,  
Began to lay about with steel and lead—  
The pious metals most in requisition  
On such occasions : not a single head  
Was spared,—three thousand Moslems perished here,  
And sixteen bayonets pierced the Seraskier.

## LXXXII.

The city's taken—only part by part—

And Death is drunk with gore : there's not a street  
Where fights not to the last some desperate heart  
For those for whom it soon shall cease to beat.  
Here War, forgot his own destructive Art.

In more destroying Nature; and the heat  
Of Carnage, like the Nile's sun-sodden Slime,  
Engendered monstrous shapes of every Crime.

## LXXXIII.

A Russian officer, in martial tread:

Over a heap of bodies, felt his heel  
Seized fast, as if 'twere by the serpent's head  
Whose fangs Eve taught her human seed to feel:  
In vain he kicked, and swore, and writhed, and bled,  
And howled for help as wolves do for a meal—  
The teeth still kept their gratifying hold,  
As do the subtle snakes described of old.

## LXXXIV.

A dying Moslem, who had felt the foot  
Of a foe o'er him, snatched at it, and bit  
The very tendon, which is most acute—

(That which some ancient Muse or modern Wit  
Named after thee, Achilles) and quite through 't  
He made the teeth meet, nor relinquish'd it  
Even with his life—for (but they lie) 'tis said  
To the live leg still clung the severed head.

## LXXXV.

However this may be, 'tis pretty sure  
The Russian officer for life was lamed,  
For the Turk's teeth stuck faster than a skewer,  
And left him 'midst the invalid and maimed :  
The regimental surgeon could not cure  
His patient, and perhaps was to be blamed  
More than the head of the inveterate foe,  
Which was cut off, and scarce even then let go.

## LXXXVI.

But then the fact's a fact—and 'tis the part  
Of a true poet to escape from fiction  
Whene'er he can; for there is little art  
In leaving verse more free from the restriction  
Of truth than prose, unless to suit the mart  
For what is sometimes called poetic diction,  
And that outrageous appetite for lies  
Which Satan angles with, for souls, like flies.

## LXXXVII.

The city's taken, but not rendered!—No!  
There's not a Moslem that hath yielded sword:  
The blood may gush out, as the Danube's flow  
Rolls by the city wall; but deed nor word  
Acknowledge aught of dread of death or foe:  
In vain the yell of victory is roared  
By the advancing Muscovite—the groan  
Of the last foe is echoed by his own.



## LXXXVIII.

The bayonet pierces and the sabre cleaves,  
And human lives are lavished every where,  
As the year closing whirls the scarlet leaves  
When the stript forest bows to the bleak air,  
And groans ; and thus the peopled City grieves,  
Shorn of its best and loveliest, and left bare ;  
But still it falls with vast and awful splinters,  
As Oaks blown down with all their thousand winters.

## LXXXIX.

It is an awful topic—but 'tis not  
My cue for any time to be terrific :  
For checquered as is seen our human lot  
With good, and bad, and worse, alike prolific  
Of melancholy merriment, to quote  
Too much of one sort would be soporific ;—  
Without, or with, offence to friends or foes,  
I sketch your world exactly as it goes.

## XC.

And one good action in the midst of crimes  
Is "quite refreshing," in the affected phrase  
Of these ambrosial, Pharissic times,  
With all their pretty milk-and-water ways,  
And may serve therefore to bedew these rhymes,  
A little scorched at present with the blaze  
Of conquest and its consequences, which  
Make Epic poesy so rare and rich.

## XCI.

Upon a taken bastion where there lay  
Thousands of slaughtered men, a yet warm group  
Of murdered women, who had found their way  
To this vain refuge, made the good heart droop  
And shudder;—while, as beautiful as May,  
A female child of ten years tried to stoop  
And hide her little palpitating breast  
Amidst the bodies lulled in bloody rest.

## XCII.

Two villainous Cossatques pursued the child

With flashing eyes and weapons: matched with them

The rudest brute that roams Siberia's wild

Has feelings pure and polished as a gem,—

The bear is civilized, the wolf is mild:

And whom for this at last must we condemn?

Their natures? or their sovereigns, who employ

All arts to teach their subjects to destroy?

## XCIII.

Their sabres glittered o'er her little head,

Whence her fair hair rose twining with affright,

Her hidden face was plunged amidst the dead:

When Juan caught a glimpse of this sad sight,

I shall not say exactly what he said,

Because it might not solace "ears polite;"

But what he *did*, was to lay on their backs,

The readiest way of reasoning with Cossacques.

## XCIV.

One's hip he slashed, and split the other's shoulder,  
And drove them with their brutal yells to seek  
If there might be surgeons who could solder  
The wounds they richly merited, and shriek  
Their baffled rage and pain ; while waxing colder  
As he turned o'er each pale and gory cheek,  
Don Juan raised his little captive from  
The heap a moment more had made her tomb.

## XCV.

And she was chill as they, and on her face  
A slender streak of blood announced how near  
Her fate had been to that of all her race ;  
For the same blow which laid her Mother here,  
Had scarred her brow, and left its crimson trace  
As the last link with all she had held dear ;  
But else unhurt, she opened her large eyes,  
And gazed on Juan with a wild surprise.

## XCVI.

Just at this instant, while their eyes were fixed  
Upon each other, with dilated glance,  
In Juan's look, pain, pleasure, hope, fear, mixed  
With joy to save, and dread of some mischance  
Unto his protégée ; while her's, transfixed  
With infant terrors, glared as from a trance,  
A pure, transparent, pale, yet radiant face,  
Like to a lighted alabaster vase ;—

## XCVII.

Up came John Johnson : (I will not say "*Jack*,"  
For that were vulgar, cold, and common place  
On great occasions, such as an attack  
On cities, as hath been the present case :)  
Up Johnson came, with hundreds at his back,  
Exclaiming :—" Juan ! Juan ! On, boy ! brace  
" Your arm, and I'll bet Moscow to a dollar  
" That you and I will win St. George's collar. (a)

## XCVIII.

“ The Seraskier is knocked upon the head,  
“ But the stone bastion still remains, wherein  
“ The old Pacha sits among some hundreds dead,  
“ Smoking his pipe quite calmly 'midst the din  
“ Of our artillery and his own : 'tis said  
“ Our killed, already piled up to the chin,  
“ Lie round the battery ; but still it batters,  
“ And grape in volleys, like a vineyard, scatters.

## XCIX.

“ Then up with me ! ”—But Juan answered, “ Look  
“ Upon this child—I saved her—must not leave  
“ Her life to chance ; but point me out some nook  
“ Of safety, where she less may shrink and grieve,  
“ And I am with you.”—Whereon Johnson took  
A glance around—and shrugged—and twitched his  
sleeve  
And black silk neckcloth—and replied, “ You're right ;  
“ Poor thing ! what's to be done ? I'm puzzled quite.”

C.

Said Juan—"Whatsoever is to be

"Done, I'll not quit her till she seems secure

"Of present life a good deal more than we."—

Quoth Johnson—"Neither will I quite ensure;

"But at the least you may die gloriously."—

Juan replied—"At least I will endure

"Whate'er is to be borne—but not resign

"This child, who is parentless and therefore mine."

CL.

Johnson said—"Juan, we've no time to lose;

"The child's a pretty child—a very pretty—

"I never saw such eyes—but hark! now choose

"Between your fame and feelings, pride and pity;—

"Hark! how the roar increases!—no excuse

"Will serve when there is plunder in a city;—

"I should be loth to march without you, but,

"By God! we'll be too late for the first cut."

## CII.

But Juan was immoveable; until

Johnson, who really loved him in his way,

Picked out amongst his followers with some skill

Such as he thought the least given up to prey;

And swearing if the infant came to ill

That they should all be shot on the next day;

But, if she were delivered safe and sound,

They should at least have fifty roubles round;

## CIII.

And all allowances besides of plunder

In fair proportion with their comrades;—then

Juan consented to march on through thunder,

Which thinned at every step their ranks of men:

And yet the rest rushed eagerly—no wonder,

For they were heated by the hope of gain,

A thing which happens every where each day—

No Hero trusteth wholly to half-pay.



## CIV.

And such is victory, and such is man !

At least nine-tenths of what we call so ;—God  
May have another name for half we scan

As human beings, or his ways are odd.

But to our subject : a brave Tartar Khan,—

Or “ Sultan,” as the author (to whose nod  
In prose I bend my humble verse) doth call  
This chieftain—somehow would not yield at all :

## CV.

But flanked by *five* brave sons (such is Polygamy,

That she spawns warriors by the score, where none  
Are prosecuted for that false crime bigamy)

He never would believe the city won  
While courage clung but to a single twig.—Am I

Describing Priam's, Peleus', or Jove's son ?  
Neither,—but a good, plain, old, temperate man,  
Who fought with his five children in the van.

## CVI.

To *take* him was the point. The truly brave;  
When they behold the brave oppressed with odds,  
Are touched with a desire to shield and save;—  
A mixture of wild beasts and demi-gods  
Are they—now furious as the sweeping wave,  
Now moved with pity: even as sometimes nods  
The rugged tree unto the summer wind,  
Compassion breathes along the savage mind.

## CVII.

But he would *not* be *taken*, and replied  
To all the propositions of surrender  
By mowing Christians down on every side,  
As obstinate as Swedish Charles at Bender.  
His five brave boys no less the foe defied;  
Whereon the Russian pathos grew less tender,  
As being a virtue, like terrestrial patience,  
Apt to wear out on trifling provocations.

## CVIII.

And spite of Johnson and of Juan, who  
    Expended all their Eastern phraseology  
In begging him, for God's sake, just to show  
    So much less fight as might form an apology  
For *them* in saving such a desperate foe—  
    He hewed away, like doctors of theology  
When they dispute with sceptics; and with curses  
Struck at his friends, as babies beat their nurses.

## CIX.

Nay, he had wounded, though but slightly, both  
    Juan and Johnson; whereupon they fell,  
The first with sighs, the second with an oath,  
    Upon his angry Sultanship, pell-mell,  
And all around were grown exceeding wroth  
    At such a pertinacious Infidel,  
And poured upon him and his sons like rain,  
Which they resisted like a sandy plain

## CX.

That drinks and still is dry. At last they perished—

His second son was levelled by a shot ;

His third was sabred ; and the fourth, most cherished

Of all the five, on bayonets met his lot ;

The fifth, who, by a Christian mother nourished,

Had been neglected, ill-used, and what not,

Because deformed, yet died all game and bottom,

To save a sire who blushed that he begot him.

## CXI.

The eldest was a true and tameless Tartar,

As great a scorner of the Nazarene

As ever Mahomet picked out for a martyr,

Who only saw the black-eyed girls in green,

Who make the beds of those who won't take quarter

On Earth, in Paradise ; and when once seen,

Those Houris, like all other pretty creatures,

Do just whate'er they please, by dint of features.

## CXII.

And what they pleased to do with the young Khan . .  
In Heaven, I know not, nor pretend to guess ;  
But doubtless they prefer a fine young man  
To tough old heroes, and can do no less ;  
And that's the cause no doubt why, if we scan  
A field of battle's ghastly wilderness,  
For one rough, weather-beaten, veteran body,  
You'll find ten thousand handsome coxcombs bloody.

## CXIII.

Your Houris also have a natural pleasure  
In lopping off your lately married men,  
Before the bridal Hours have danced their measure,  
And the sad, second moon grows dim again,  
Or dull Repentance hath had dreary leisure  
To wish him back a bachelor now and then.  
And thus your Houri (it may be) disputes  
Of these brief blossoms the immediate fruits.

## CXIV.

Thus the young Khan, with Houris in his sight,  
Thought not upon the charms of four young brides,  
But bravely rushed on his first heavenly night.

In short, howe'er *our* better Faith derides,  
These black-eyed virgins make the Moslems fight,  
As though there were one Heaven and none besides—  
Whereas, if all be true we hear of Heaven  
And Hell, there must at least be six or seven.

## CXV.

So fully flashed the phantom on his eyes,  
That when the very lance was in his heart,  
He shouted "Allah!" and saw Paradise  
With all its veil of mystery drawn apart,  
And bright Eternity without disguise  
On his soul, like a ceaseless sunrise, dart;—  
With Prophets, Houris, Angels, Saints, decried  
In one voluptuous blaze,—and then he died:

## CXVI.

But, with a heavenly rapture on his face,

The good old Khan, who long had ceased to see  
Houris, or aught except his florid race

Who grew like Cedars round him gloriously—  
When he beheld his latest hero grace

The earth, which he became like a felled tree,  
Paused for a moment from the fight, and cast  
A glance on that slain son, his first and last.

## CXVII.

The soldiers, who beheld him drop his point,

Stopped as if once more willing to concede  
Quarter, in case he bade them not "aroint!"

As he before had done. He did not heed  
Their pause nor signs: his heart was out of joint,  
And shook (till now unshaken) like a reed,  
As he looked down upon his children gone,  
And felt—though done with life—he was alone.

## CXVIII. )

But 'twas a transient tremor;—with a spring  
Upon the Russian steel his breast he flung,  
As carelessly as hurls the moth her wing  
Against the light wherein she dies: he clung  
Closer, that all the deadlier they might wring,  
Unto the bayonets which had pierced his young;  
And throwing back a dim look on his sons,  
In one wide wound poured forth his soul at once.

## CXIX. )

'Tis strange enough—the rough, tough soldiers, who  
Spared neither sex nor age in their career  
Of carnage, when this old man was pierced through,  
And lay before them with his children near,  
Touched by the heroism of him they slew,  
Were melted for a moment; though no tear  
Flowed from their blood-shot eyes, all red with strife,  
They honoured such determined scorn of life.



## CXX.

But the stone bastion still kept up its fire,  
Where the chief Pacha calmly held his post :  
Some twenty times he made the Russ retire,  
And baffled the assaults of all their host ;  
At length he condescended to enquire  
If yet the city's rest were won or lost ;  
And being told the latter, sent a Bey  
To answer Ribas' summons to give way.

## CXXI.

In the mean time, cross-legged, with great sang froid,  
Among the scorching ruins he sat smoking . . .  
Tobacco on a little carpet ;—Troy  
Saw nothing like the scene around ;—yet looking  
With martial stoicism, nought seemed to annoy  
His stern philosophy ; but gently stroking  
His beard, he puffed his pipe's ambrosial gales,  
As if he had three lives as well as tails.

## CXXII.

The town was taken—whether he might yield

Himself or bastion, little mattered now ;

His stubborn valour was no future shield.

Ismail's no more! The crescent's silver bow  
Sunk, and the crimson cross glared o'er the field,

But red with *no redeeming* gore: the glow  
Of burning streets, like moonlight on the water,  
Was imaged back in blood, the sea of slaughter.

## CXXIII.

All that the mind would shrink from of excesses ;

All that the body perpetrates of bad ;

All that we read, hear, dream, of man's distresses ;

All that the Devil would do if run stark mad ;

All that defies the worst which pen expresses ;

All by which Hell is peopled, or as sad

As Hell—mere mortals who their power abuse,—

Was here (as heretofore and since) let loose.

## CXXIV.

If here and there some transient trait of pity  
Was shown, and some more noble heart broke through  
Its bloody bond, and saved perhaps some pretty  
Child, or an aged, helpless man or two—  
What's this in one annihilated city,  
Where thousand loves, and ties, and duties grow?  
Cockneys of London! Muscadins of Paris!  
Just ponder what a pious pastime war is:

## CXXV.

Think how the joys of reading a Gazette  
Are purchased by all agonies and crimes:  
Or if these do not move you, don't forget  
Such doom may be your own in after times.  
Meantime the taxes, Castlereagh, and debt,  
Are hints as good as sermons, or as rhymes.  
Read your own hearts and Ireland's present story,  
Then feed her famine fat with Wellésley's glory.

## CXXVI.

But still there is unto a patriot nation,  
Which loves so well its country and its King,  
A subject of sublimest exultation—  
Bear it, ye Muses, on your brightest wing!  
Howe'er the mighty locust, Desolation,  
Strip your green fields, and to your harvests cling,  
Gaunt Famine never shall approach the throne—  
Though Ireland starve, great George weighs twenty  
stone.

## CXXVII.

But let me put an end unto my theme:  
There was an end of Ismail—hapless town!  
Far flashed her burning towers o'er Danube's stream,  
And redly ran his blushing waters down.  
The horrid war-whoop and the shriller scream  
Rose still; but fainter were the thunders grown:  
Of forty thousand who had manned the wall,  
Some hundreds breathed—the rest were silent all!

## CXXVIII.

In one thing ne'ertheless 'tis fit to praise

The Russian army upon this occasion,

A virtue much in fashion now-a-days,

And therefore worthy of commemoration :

The topic's tender, so shall be my phrase—

Perhaps the season's chill, and their long station

In winter's depth, or want of rest and victual,

Had made them chaste;—they ravish'd very little.

## CXXIX.

Much did they slay, more plunder, and no less

Might here and there occur some violation

In the other line;—but not to such excess

As when the French, that dissipated nation,

Take towns by storm: no causes can I guess,

Except cold weather and commiseration ;

But all the ladies, save some twenty score,

Were almost as much virgins as before.

## CXXX.

Some odd mistakes too happened in the dark,  
Which showed a want of lanthorns, or of taste—  
Indeed the smoke was such they scarce could mark  
Their friends from foes,—besides such things from  
haste

Occur, though rarely, when there is a spark  
Of light to save the venerably chaste:—  
But six old damsels, each of seventy years,  
Were all deflowered by different Grenadiers.

## CXXXI.

But on the whole their continence was great;  
So that some disappointment there ensued  
To those who had felt the inconvenient state  
Of “single blessedness,” and thought it good  
(Since it was not their fault, but only fate,  
To bear these crosses) for each waning prude  
To make a Roman sort of Sabine wedding,  
Without the expense and the suspense of bedding.

## CXXXII.

Some voices of the buxom middle-aged

Were also heard to wonder in the dñ

(Widows of forty were these birds long caged)

“ Wherefore the ravishing did not begin!”

But while the thirst for gore and plunder raged,

There was small leisure for superfluous sin;

But whether they escaped or no, lies hid

In darkness—I can only hope they did.

## CXXXIII.

Suwarrow now was conqueror—a match

For Timour or for Zinghis in his trade.

While mosques and streets, beneath his eyes, like thatch

Blazed, and the cannon’s roar was scarce allayed,

With bloody hands he wrote his first dispatch;

And here exactly follows what he said:—

“ Glory to God and to the Empress!” (*Powers*

*Eternal!! such names mingled!*) “ Ismail’s ours.” (<sup>9</sup>)

## CXXXIV.

Methinks these are the most tremendous words,  
Since "Menè, Menè, Tekel," and "Upharsin,"  
Which hands or pens have ever traced of swords.  
Heaven help me! I'm but little of a parson:  
What Daniel read was short-hand of the Lord's,  
Severe, sublime; the Prophet wrote no farce on  
The fate of Nations;—but this Russ so witty  
Could rhyme, like Nero, o'er a burning city.

## CXXXV.

He wrote this Polar melody, and set it,  
Duly accompanied by shrieks and groans,  
Which few will sing, I trust, but none forget it—  
For I will teach, if possible, the stones  
To rise against Earth's tyrants. Never let it  
Be said that we still truckle unto thrones;—  
But ye—our children's children! think how we  
Showed *what things were* before the world was free!



## CXXXVI.

That hour is not for us, but 'tis for you:

And as, in the great joy of your millennium,  
You hardly will believe such things were true

As now occur, I thought that I would pen you 'em;  
But may their very memory perish too!—

Yet if perchance remembered, still disdain you 'em  
More than you scorn the savages of yore,  
Who *painted* their *bare* limbs, but *not* with gore.

## CXXXVII.

And when you hear historians talk of thrones,

And those that sate upon them, let it be

As we now gaze upon the Mammoth's bones,

And wonder what old world such things could see,  
Or hieroglyphics on Egyptian stones,

The pleasant riddles of Futurity—

Guessing at what shall happily be hid,

As the real purpose of a Pyramid.

## CXXXVIII.

Reader! I have kept my word,—at least so far  
As the first Canto promised. You have now  
Had sketches of love, tempest, travel, war—  
All very accurate, you must allow,  
And *Epic*, if plain truth should prove no bar;  
For I have drawn much less with a long bow  
Than my forerunners. Carelessly I sing,  
But Phœbus lends me now and then a string,

## CXXXIX.

With which I still can harp, and carp, and fiddle,  
What further hath befallen or may befall  
The Hero of this grand poetic riddle,  
I by and bye may tell you, if at all:  
But now I choose to break off in the middle,  
Worn out with battering Ismail's stubborn wall,  
While Juan is sent off with the dispatch,  
For which all Petersburg is on the watch.

## CXL.

This special honour was conferred, because

He had behaved with courage and humanity ;—

Which *last*, men like, when they have time to pause

From their ferocities produced by vanity.

His little captive gained him some applause

For saving her amidst the wild insanity

Of Carnage,—and I think he was more glad in her

Safety, than his new order of St. Vladimir.

## CXLI.

The Moslem orphan went with her protector,

For she was homeless, houseless, helpless; all

Her friends, like the sad family of Hector,

Had perished in the field or by the wall :

Her very place of birth was but a spectre

Of what it had been; there the Muezzin's call

To prayer was heard no more!—And Juan wept,

And made a vow to shield her, which he kept.

END OF CANTO VIII.



## NOTES TO CANTO VIII.

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Note 1, page 115, line 8.

*"Allah! Allah! Hu!"*

Allah Hu! is properly the war cry of the Mussulmans, and they dwell long on the last syllable, which gives it a very wild and peculiar effect.

Note 2, page 115, line 14.

*"Carnage" (so Wordsworth tells you) "is God's daughter."*

*"But thy\* most dreaded instrument*

*"In working out a pure intent,*

*"Is man arrayed for mutual slaughter ;*

*"Yea, Carnage is thy daughter!"*

WORDSWORTH'S *Thanksgiving Ode.*

Note 3, page 120, line 8.

*Was printed Grose, although his name was Grose.*

A fact: see the Waterloo Gazettes. I recollect remarking at the time to a friend:—"There is fame! a man is killed, his name is Grose, and they print it Grose." I was at College with the deceased, who was a very amiable and clever man, and his society in great request for his wit, gaiety, and "chansons à boire."

\* To wit, the Deity's: this is perhaps as pretty a pedigree for Murder as ever was found out by Garter King at Arms.—What would have been said, had any free-spoken people discovered such a lineage?

Note 4, page 122, line 16.

*And this is rational*

*As any other notion, and not national.*

See Major Vallency and Sir Lawrence Parsons.

Note 5, page 123, line 16.

'Tis pity "that such meanings should pave Hell."

The Portuguese proverb says, that "Hell is paved with good intentions."

Note 6, page 127, line 16.

*Thy humane discovery, Friar Bacon!*

Gunpowder is said to have been discovered by this Friar.

Note 7, page 134, line 16.

*Palisades,*

*Which scarcely rose much higher than grass blades.*

They were but two feet high above the level.

Note 8, page 159, line 16.

*St. George's collar.*

The Russian military order.

Note 9, page 177, line 16.

"Glory to God and to the Empress!" (Powers

Eternal! such names mingled!) "*Ismail's our's.*"

In the original Russian—

"Slava bogu! slava vam!

"Krepost Vzala, y il tam."—

A kind of couplet; for he was a poet.

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